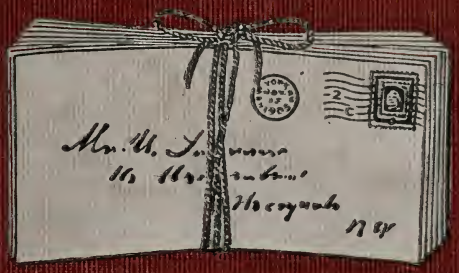

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CHILDREN'S LETTERS

A Collection of Letters Written to Children by Famous Men and Women

COLLECTED BY

ELIZABETH COLSON, comp.

AND

ANNA GANSEVOORT CHITTENDEN

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

31-33-35 West 15th Street, New York City

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INTRODUCTION

Among the letters of famous men and women there are many which were written to children.

If you wait until you are old enough to enjoy the correspondence of grown people, you will lose much of the pleasure that their letters to children will give you now.

We have collected some of the letters and put them in this book for you. They bear the post-marks of many countries, and tell about the strange and wonderful things that the writers met in their travels. You will find fairy stories as well as true stories in these letters and although they do not bear your name and address, still we hope that you will enjoy them, almost as much as the boys and girls to whom they were written.

Elizabeth Colson.
Anna Gansevoort Chittenden.

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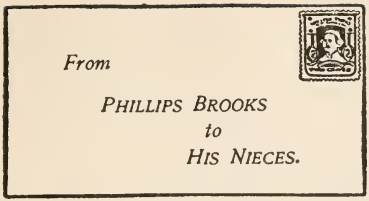


Phillips Brooks, the great preacher, loved children dearly. He had no little ones of his own, but his nieces were like daughters to him. He saw the little girls often when in Boston, and they were his regular correspondents when he was away from home.

Bishop Brooks was such a busy man and worked so hard that sometimes he was tired and was obliged to go abroad to travel for a few months. He always missed his little friends when away from them, for repeatedly he wrote: "I wish you were with me," or "if you were only here." A great part of his pleasure in the strange places he visited was to write about what he saw and heard. Here are a few of the letters that he wrote to his nieces: —

VENICE, August 13, 1882.

Dear Gertie, — When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off, and swim about in the street. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding one end of a string and the other end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. When he went too far the nurse pulled in the string and got her baby home again. Then I met another youngster, swimming in the

street, whose mother had tied him to a post by the side of the door, so that when he tried to swim away to see another boy, who was tied to another doorpost up the street, he couldn't, and they had to sing out to one another over the water.

Is not this a queer city? You are always in danger of running over some of the people and drowning them, for you go about in a boat instead of a carriage, and use an oar instead of a horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people, especially the children, are very bright and gay and handsome. When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out, and there is a boat with a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you. To be sure, they want some money when they are done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily and are full of fun.

Tell Susie I did not see the Queen this time. She was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

There must be lots of pleasant things to do at Andover, and I think you must have had a beautiful summer there. Pretty soon, now, you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there, and see if the doll and her baby are well and

happy (but do not carry them off); and make the music box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

WITTENBERG,
Sunday, September 24, 1882.

My dear Agnes, — I was glad to get your letter, which reached me a few days ago in Berlin. I think you were very good indeed to write to me, and it was a nice letter. . . .[1]

Did you ever hear of Wittenberg? You will find it on the map not very far from Berlin. It used to be a very famous place when Martin Luther lived here, and was preaching his sermons in the church whose clock I just now heard strike a quarter of one, and was writing his books in the room whose picture is at the top of this sheet of paper. I am sure you know all about Luther. If not, ask Toody, she knows most everything. In the picture, you can see Luther's table, the seat in the window where he and his wife used to sit and talk, the big stove which he had built to warm his cold room, and the bust of himself, which was taken just after he died and hung up

[1] The whole letter is not always given, for sometimes there were parts hard to understand or enjoy. The points mean that something has been omitted.

here. With the exception of that, everything remains just exactly as he left it, over three hundred years ago, before your papa, mamma, or Aunt Susan were born.

It is a queer old town. Just now, when it was twelve o'clock, I heard some music, and looked out and found that a band of music was playing psalm tunes away up in the air in the tower of the old parish church. My window looks out on the market-place, where there are two statues, one of Luther, and one of Melanchthon, who was a great friend of his. Gertie will tell you about him. And the houses are the funniest shape, and have curious mottoes carved or painted over their front door. I came here from Berlin yesterday, and am going to travel about in Germany for a few weeks, and then go back to Berlin again. Berlin is very nice. I wish I could tell you about a visit which I made, Friday, to one of the great public schools, where I saw a thousand boys and a thousand girls, and the way they spelt the hard words in German would have frightened you to death.

Tell Susie that I thank her for her beautiful little letter, and hope she will write me another. You must write to me again. Give my best love to everybody, and do not forget your affectionate uncle,

P.

[Very Private.] GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA,
November 19, 1882.

Dear Gertie, — This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming, and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toodie would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve. Then you must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it too, and put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine De Wolf and the other baby at Springfield whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them on Christmas Eve. Will you do all this for me? You can spend five dollars for each child, and if you show your father this letter he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has got. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children;

so you may tell them about it, but do not dare to let any of the children know of it until Christmas time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all. . . .

This has taken up almost all my letter, and so I cannot tell you much about Vienna. Well, there is not a great deal to tell. It is an immense great city with very splendid houses and beautiful pictures and fine shops and handsome people. But I do not think the Austrians are nearly as nice as the ugly, honest Germans. Do you?

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year certain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from Aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so, if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

JEYPORE, January 7, 1883.

My dear Gertie, — I wish you had been here with me yesterday. We would have had a beautiful time. You would have had to get up at five o'clock, for at

six the carriage was at the door, and we had already had our breakfast. But in this country you do everything you can very early, so as to escape the hot sun. It is very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cold now at night and in the mornings and evenings. Well, as we drove into the town (for the bungalow where we are staying is just outside), the sun rose and the streets were full of light.

The town is all painted pink, which makes it the queerest-looking place you ever saw, and on the outsides of the pink houses there are pictures drawn, some of them very solemn and some very funny, which makes it very pleasant to drive up the street. We drove through the street, which was crowded with camels and elephants and donkeys, and women wrapped up like bundles, and men chattering like monkeys, and monkeys themselves, and naked little children rolling in the dust, and playing queer Jeypore games. All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses, and the women all have their noses looking beautiful in this way. I have got a nose jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you.

Well, we drove out the other side of the queer pink town, and went on toward the old town, which they

deserted a hundred years ago, when they built this. The priest told the rajah, or king, that they ought not to live more than a thousand years in one place, and so, as the old town was about a thousand years old, the king left it; and there it stands about five miles off, with only a few beggars and a lot of monkeys for inhabitants of its splendid palaces and temples. As we drove along toward it, the fields were full of peacocks and all sorts of bright-winged birds, and out of the ponds and streams the crocodiles stuck up their lazy heads and looked at us.

The hills around are full of tigers and hyenas, but they do not come down to the town, though I saw a cage of them there which had been captured only about a month and were very fierce. Poor things! When we came to the entrance of the old town, there was a splendid great elephant waiting for us, which the rajah had sent. He sent the carriage too. The elephant had his trunk and head beautifully painted, and looked almost as big as Jumbo. He knelt down, and we climbed up by a ladder and sat upon his back, and then he toiled up the hill. I am afraid he thought Americans must be very heavy, and I do not know whether he could have carried you. Behind us, as we went up the hill, came a man leading a little black goat, and when I asked what it was for, they said it was for sacrifice. It seems a horrid old goddess

has a temple on the hill, and years ago they used to sacrifice men to her, to make her happy and kind. But a merciful rajah stopped that, and made them sacrifice goats instead, and now they give the horrid old goddess a goat every morning, and she likes it just as well.

When we got into the old town, it was a perfect wilderness of beautiful things, — lakes, temples, palaces, porticoes, all sorts of things in marble and fine stones, with sacred long-tailed monkeys running over all. But I must tell you about the goddess, and the way they cut off the poor goat's little black head, and all the rest that I saw, when I get home. Don't you wish you had gone with me ?

Give my love to your father and mother and Agnes and Susie. I am dying to know about your Christmas and the presents. Do not forget your affectionate uncle

PHILLIPS.

STEAMSHIP VERONA,
Sunday, March 18, 1883.

My dear Gertie, — It seems to me that our correspondence has not been very lively lately. I don't think I had a letter from you all the time I was in India. I hoped I should because I wanted to show it to the rajahs, and other great people, and let them

see what beautiful letters American children can write. But now I am out of India, and for the last ten days we have been sailing on and on, over the same course where we sailed last December. Last Tuesday we passed Aden, and stopped there about six hours. I went on shore, and took a drive through the town and up into the country. If you had been with me, you would have seen the solemn-looking camels, stalking along with solemn-looking Arabs on their backs, looking as if they had been riding on and on that way ever since the days of Abraham. I think I met Isaac and Jacob on two skinny camels, just outside the gates of Aden. I asked them how Esau was, but Jacob looked mad and wouldn't answer, and hurried the old man on, so that I had no talk with them; but I feel quite sure it was they, for they looked just like the pictures in the Bible.

Since that we have been sailing up the Red Sea, and on Monday evening we shall be once more at Suez, and there I say good-by to my companion, who stops in Egypt, and goes thence to Palestine, while I hurry on to Malta and Gibraltar in the same steamer. She is a nice little steamer, with a whole lot of children on board, who fight all the while, and cry all the rest of the time. Every now and then one of them almost goes overboard, and then all the mothers set up a great howl, though I don't see why

they should care very much about such children as these are. I should think it would be rather a relief to get rid of them. Now, if it were you, or Agnes, or Tood, it would be different!

There has just been service on deck, and I preached, and the people all held on to something and listened. I would a great deal rather preach in Trinity.

I hope you will have a pleasant Easter. Mine will be spent, I trust, in Malta. Next year I hope you will come and dine with me on Easter day. Don't forget! My love to Tood. Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

ON THE P. & O. STEAMSHIP VERONA,
March 19, 1883.

Little Mistress Josephine, —

Tell me, have you ever seen
Children half as queer as these
Babies from across the seas?
See their funny little fists,
See the rings upon their wrists;
One has very little clothes,
One has jewels in her nose;
And they all have silver bangles
On their little heathen ankles.
In their ears are curious things,

Round their necks are beads and strings,
And they jingle as they walk,
And they talk outlandish talk;
One, you see, has hugged another,
Playing she's its little mother;
One who sits all lone and lorn,
Has her head all shaved and shorn.
Do you want to know their names?
One is called Jeefungee Hames,
One Buddhanda Arrich Bas,
One Teedundee Hanki Sas.

Many such as these I saw,
In the streets of old Jeypore;
They never seemed to cry or laugh,
But, sober as the photograph,
Squatted in the great bazaars,
While the Hindoos, their mammas,
Quarreled long about the price
Of their little mess of rice,
And then, when the fight was done,
Every mother, one by one,
Up her patient child would whip,
Set it straddling on her hip,
And trot off all crook'd and bent,
To some hole, where, all content,
Hers and baby's days are spent.

Aren't you glad, then, little Queen,
That your name is Josephine?
That you live in Springfield, or
Not at least in old Jeypore?
That your Christian parents are
John and Hattie, Pa and Ma?
That you've an entire nose,
And no rings upon your toes?
In a word, that Hat and you
Do not have to be Hindoo?
But I thought you'd like to see
What these little heathen be,
And give welcome to these three
From your loving

UNCLE P.

TRENTO, Sunday, August 19, 1883.

Dear Gertie, — I bought the prettiest thing you ever saw for you the other day. If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. I shall not tell you, because I want you to be all surprised to pieces when you see it, and I am so impatient to give it to you that I can hardly wait. Only you must be in a great hurry and get well, because you see it is only five weeks from to-day that I shall expect to see you in the dear old study in Clarendon Street,

where we have had such a lot of good times together before now. Just think of it! We'll set the music box a-going, and light all the gaslights in the house, and get my doll out of her cupboard, and dress Tood up in a red pocket handkerchief and stand her up on the study table, and make her give three cheers! And we'll have some gingerbread and lemonade.

I've got a lot of things for you beside the one which I bought for you the other day. You couldn't guess what it is if you were to guess forever, but this is the best of all, and when you see it you will jump the rheumatism right out of you. I hope you will be quite well by that time. What sort of a place is Sharon? Do not write me about it, but tell me all about it when I see you. What a lot you will have to tell. You can tell me what was in that Christmas letter which the wicked mail man never brought to me.

Good-by, dear little girl. Don't you wish you knew what it was that I bought for you the other day? Give my love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

DENVER, June 20, 1886.

Dear Tood, — When I got here last night, I found the hotel man very much excited, and running around

and waving a beautiful letter in the air, and crying aloud, "A letter from Tood! A letter from Tood!" He was just going to get out a band of music to march around the town and look for the man to whom the letter belonged, when I stepped up and told him I thought that it was meant for me. He made me show him my name in my hat before he would give it to me, and then a great crowd gathered round and listened while I read it. It was such a beautiful letter that they all gave three cheers, and I thought I must write you an answer at once, although I told A., when I wrote to her the other day, that I should not write to anybody else before my coming home.

* * * * * *

I am on my way home now, and next Saturday will see me back again in Clarendon Street. All the dear little Chinese, with their pigtails, and the dreadful great Mormons, with their hundred wives, and the donkeys and the buffaloes and the Red Indians will be far away, and I shall see you all again. I am impatient for that, for the people out West are not as good as you are. I am going to preach to them this morning, to try to make them better, and it is quite time now to go to church. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

Martin Luther to His Family

Some letters do not grow old, but keep their freshness through many years. The paper turns yellow, and the ink fades, but nothing destroys the life of the written words; so the letter which Martin Luther, the great German reformer, wrote to his little son, in 1533, is as fresh and sweet to-day as when he wrote it, over three hundred years ago.

How pleasant it must have been for Luther to turn from all the grave and serious questions that filled his busy mind, to write this letter to little Hans!

Grace and peace in Christ to my heartily dear little son. I see gladly that thou learnest well and prayest earnestly. Do thus, my little son, and go on. When I come home I will bring thee a beautiful fairing.[1]

I know a pleasant garden wherein many children walk about. They have little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, and plums. They dance and are merry, and have also beautiful little ponies, with golden reins and silver saddles. Then I asked the man whose the garden is, whose children those were; he said, "These

[1] A present, usually something bought at a fair; a souvenir or keepsake.

are the children who love to pray, who learn their lessons, and are good." Then I said, "Dear man, I also have a little son; he is called Hansichen Luther. Might not he also come into the garden, that he might eat such apples and pears, and ride on such beautiful little ponies, and play with these children?" Then the man said, "If he loves to pray, learns his lessons, and is good, he also shall come into the garden; Lippus and Fost also [the little sons of Melanchthon]; and when they all come together they also shall have pipes, drums, lutes, and all kinds of music; and shall dance, and shoot with little bows and arrows."

And he showed me there a fair meadow in the garden prepared for dancing. There were many pipes of pure gold, drums, and silver bows and arrows. But it was still early in the day, so that the children had not had their breakfast. Therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, "Ah, dear sir, I will go away at once and write all this to my little son Hansichen, that he may be sure to pray and learn well and be good, so that he also may come into the garden. But he has a dear Aunt Lena; he must bring her with him." "Then," said the man, "let it be so; go and write him thus."

Therefore, my dear little son Hansichen, learn thy lessons, and pray with a cheerful heart; and tell this

to Lippus and Justus, too, that they also may learn their lessons and pray. So shall you all come together into this garden. Herewith I commend you to the Almighty God; and greet Aunt Lena, and give her a kiss for me.

Thy dear father,

MARTIN LUTHER.

In those days letters were not common, and when the neighbors heard that one had arrived from Coburg, where Luther was attending a great meeting, they gathered at Doctress Luther's house to hear it read. Some of them were shocked with its simple story of heaven. They thought Luther had trifled with a very serious subject. However, Luther did not mind criticism, for his whole life work was bitterly opposed by many. He gave the people to whom he preached new thoughts of God, and taught them what was then a new belief.

Another letter, also dated from Coburg, was addressed "to those who sit around the table at home," which surely included the children. Here is a part of it: —

Just under our window there is a grove like a little forest, where the crows have convened a diet, and there is such a riding hither and thither, such an incessant tumult day and night, as if they were all merry and mad with drinking. Young and old chatter together until I wonder how their breath can hold out so long. I should like to know if any of those nobles and cavaliers are with you; it seems to me they must be gathered here out of the whole world.

I have not seen their emperor, but their great people are always strutting and prancing before our eyes; not indeed in costly robes, but all simply clad in one uniform; all singing one song, only with the most amusing varieties between young and old, great and small. They are not careful to have a great palace and hall of assembly, for their hall is vaulted with the beautiful blue sky, their floor is the field strewn with fair green branches, and their walls reach as far as the ends of the earth. Neither do they require steeds and armor; they have feathered wheels, with which they fly from shot and danger. They are, doubtless, great and mighty lords, but what they are debating I do not yet know.

As far, however, as I understand through an interpreter, they are planning a great foray and campaign against the wheat, barley, and grain, and many a knight will win his spurs in this war and many a brave deed will be done.

To-day we have heard the first nightingale, for they would not trust April. We have had delightful weather here, no rain except a little yesterday. With you perhaps it is otherwise. Herewith I commend you to God. Keep house well.

Given from the Diet of the grain-Turks, the 28th of April, anno, 1530.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Sydney Smith
to
Boys and Girls

If we believe the old story that fairies stand by the cradles of new-born children to bestow gifts, we feel quite sure that sometimes they leave under the little pillow the gift of a cheerful disposition. We all know people who have received that gift and what a precious possession it is. Such people make the world a better and a sweeter place in which to live.

Sydney Smith's life had many hard places in it ; he knew what hunger, cold, and disappointment meant, but the magic gift of the fairies turned his sighs into laughs. He began his career as curate of a small country parish and lived to preach in the pulpit of one of England's greatest cathedrals, St. Paul's in London. If the parishioners laughed at the names he gave his oxen, Hawl, Crawl, Tug, Lug, no doubt he was pleased, for that was part of his mission in life — to make people laugh.

Sydney Smith was fond of children and this anecdote shows him in one of his happiest moods.

"He used to stop and talk to the children of the village as he passed along the road. He always kept a box of sugarplums in his pocket for these occasions, and often some rosy-faced urchin was made happy by sharing its contents or obtaining a penny to buy a tart. 'Let it be large and full of juice, Johnny,' he would say, 'so that it may run down both corners of the mouth.'"

We are glad to have found some of his letters, for his written words are almost as entertaining as his spoken words were.

To Douglas Smith, his Son, 14 Years Old

(Pupil at Westminster College)

Foston Rectory, 1819.

My dear Douglas, — I am glad you liked your box and its contents. Think of us as we think of you and send us the most acceptable of all presents, the information that you are improving in all particulars.

The greatest of all human mysteries are the Westminster holidays. If you can get a peep behind the curtain, pray let us know immediately the day you are coming home. We have had about three or four ounces of rain here, that is all. I heard of your being wet through in London and envied you very much. The whole of this parish is pulverized from long and excessive drought. Our whole property depends upon the tranquillity of the winds; if it blows before it rains we shall all be up in the air in the shape of dust, and shall be "transparished" we know not where. God bless you, my dear boy. I hope we shall soon meet at Lydiard.

Your affectionate father,

Sydney Smith.

Written on the first page of a letter of his youngest daughter to her friend Miss ——.

Foston, 1823.

Dear little Gee, — Many thanks for your kind and affectionate letter. I cannot recollect what you mean

by our kindness; all that I can remember is that you came to see us and we all thought you were very pleasant, good hearted, and strongly infected with Lancastrian tones and pronunciations. God bless you, dear child! I shall always be very fond of you, till you grow tall and speak without an accent and marry some extremely disagreeable person.

Ever very affectionately yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

From London he wrote this letter to Miss Lucy ——.

LONDON, July 22, 1835.

Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not in itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes; act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest, and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do) and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors.

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return I shall probably have received

my first paralytic stroke and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry any one who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you, dear child.

SYDNEY SMITH.

It is well, perhaps, that he tells Lucy to copy her mother's penmanship rather than his, for the story is told of a parishioner who asked to see one of his sermons. The clergyman replied, "I would send it to you with pleasure, but my writing is as if a swarm of ants escaping from an ink bottle had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their feet."

Sydney Smith was able to "make merry" even when he was ill. He once wrote jestingly to a friend, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well." But when sickness visited any one else he was full of sympathy. The following letter to a little sick boy shows this to be true.

TO MARTIN HUMPHREY MILDMAY

April 30, 1836.

I am very sorry to hear you have been so ill. I have inquired about you every day, till I heard you were better. Mr. Travers is a very skillful surgeon and I have no doubt you will soon be well. In the Trojan war the Greek surgeons used cheese and wine for their ointments and in Henry the Eighth's time cobblers' wax and rust of iron were the ingredients; so you see it is some advantage to live in Berkley Square in the year 1837.

I am going to Holland and I will write to you from thence to tell you all I have seen, and you will take care to read my letter to Mr. Travers. In the meantime, my dear little Humphrey, I wish you most heartily a speedy recovery, and God bless you!

S. S.

To his Grandchild

On sending him a letter over weight.

Oh, you little wretch! Your letter cost me fourpence. I will pull all the plums out of your puddings; I will undress your dolls and steal their underpetticoats; you shall have no currant jelly to your rice; I will kiss you till you cannot see out of your eyes; when nobody else whips you, I will do so; I will fill you so full of sugarplums that they shall run out of your nose and ears; and lastly, your frocks shall be so short that they shall not come below your knees.

Your loving grandfather,

Sydney Smith.

To Charles Fox

October, 1836.

My dear Charles, — If you have ever paid any attention to the habits of animals, you will know that donkeys are remarkably cunning in opening gates.

The way to stop them is to have two latches instead of one. A human being has two hands and lifts up both latches at once; a donkey has only one nose, and latch A drops as he quits it to lift up latch B. Bobus [Smith's brother] and I had the grand luck to see little Aunty engaged intensely with this problem. She was taking a walk and was arrested by a gate with this formidable difficulty; the donkeys were looking on to await the issue. Aunty lifted up the first latch with the most perfect success, but found herself opposed by a second; flushed with victory, she quitted the first latch and rushed at the second; her success was equal, till in the meantime the first dropped. She tried this two or three times and, to her utter astonishment, with the same result. The donkeys brayed, and Aunty was walking away in great dejection, till Bobus and I recalled her with loud laughter, showed her she had two hands, and roused her to vindicate her superiority over the donkeys. I mention this to you to request that you will make no allusion to this animal, as she is remarkably touchy on the subject, and also that you will not mention it to Lady Mary. I wish you would both come here next year.

Always yours, my dear Charles,

Very sincerely,

SYDNEY SMITH.

Letters of Travel from Charles Kingsley

There was great rejoicing in the family of Charles Kingsley one Christmas when the children found among their gifts a new book of stories written by their father and dedicated to them. On the very first page they read these words: "Come hither children at this blessed Christmas time when all God's creatures should rejoice together and bless him who redeemed them. Come and see old friends of mine whom I knew before you were born. They are come to visit us at Xmas, out of the world where all live to God and to tell you some of their old fairy tales which they loved when they were young like you."

Charles Kingsley wrote and illustrated "The Heroes" for his children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary. It must have made them very happy to have their busy father give them so much of his time. He was a good correspondent, and when he was absent from home, the children received delightful letters describing his travels.

One day Mary received this letter; judging by the contents it was written from Bayonne, France, but it is undated: —

My Darling Mary, — I am going to write you a long letter about all sorts of things. And first, this place is full of the prettiest children I ever saw, very like English but with dark hair and eyes; and so nicely dressed, with striped stockings which they

knit themselves, and Basque shoes made of canvas, worked with red and purple worsted. . . . All the children go to a school kept by nuns and I am sure the poor nuns are very kind to them, for they laugh and romp, it seems to me, all day long. In summer most of them wear no shoes or stockings for they do not want them; but in winter they are wrapped up warm; and I have not seen one ragged child or tramp or any one who looks miserable. They never wear any bonnets. The little babies wear a white cap, and the children a woolen cap, with pretty colors, and the girls a smart handkerchief on their back hair, and the boys and men wear blue and scarlet caps like Scotchmen, just the shape of mushrooms, and a red sash. The oxen here are quite yellow and so gentle and wise, the men make them do exactly what they like. I will draw you an ox cart when I come home. The banks here are covered with enormous canes as high as the eaves of our house. They tie one of these to a fir pole and make a huge long rod, and then go and sit on the rocks and fish for dorados, which are fish with gilt heads. There are the most lovely sweet-smelling purple pinks on the rocks here, and the woods are full of asphodel, great lilies four feet high, with white and purple flowers. I saw the wood yesterday where the dreadful fight was between the French and the

English — and over the place where all the brave men lay buried grew one great flower-bed of asphodel. So they "slept in the meads of asphodel," like the old Greek heroes in Homer. There were great "lords and ladies" (arums) there, growing in the bank, twice as big as ours, and not red, but white and primrose — most beautiful. You cannot think how beautiful the commons are, they are like flower gardens, golden with furze, and white with *potentilla*, and crimson with sweet-smelling *Daphne*, and blue with the most wonderful blue flower which grows everywhere. I have dried them all. Tell your darling mother I am quite well, and will write to her tomorrow. There, that is all I have to say. Tell Grenville they have made a tunnel under the battlefield, for the railroad to go into Spain, and that on the top of the tunnel there is a shaft, and a huge wheel, to pump air into the tunnel, and that I will bring home a scarlet Basque cap, and you and Rose Basque shoes. . . .

Your own DADDY.

This letter Kingsley wrote to his little son Grenville: —

PAU.

My dear little Man, — I was quite delighted to get a letter from you so nicely written. Yesterday I went by the railway to a most beautiful place where

I am staying now. A town with an old castle, hundreds of years old, where the great King Henry IV. of France was born, and his cradle is there still, made of a huge tortoiseshell. Underneath the castle are beautiful walks and woods — all green as if it was summer, and roses and flowers, and birds singing — but different from our English birds. But it is quite summer here because it is so far south. Under the castle, by the river are frogs that make a noise like a rattle, and frogs that bark like toy-dogs, and frogs that climb up trees, and even up the window-panes — they have suckers on their feet and are quite green like a leaf. Far away, before the castle are the great mountains, ten thousand feet high, covered with snow, and the clouds crawling about their tops. I am going to see them to-morrow, and when I come back I will tell you. But I have been out to-night, and all the frogs are croaking still and making a horrid noise. Mind and be a good boy and give Nurse my love. There is a vulture here in the inn, but he is a little Egyptian vulture, not like the great vulture I saw at Bayonne. Ask mother to show you his picture in the beginning of the bird book. He is called *Neophra Egyptiacus*, and is an ugly fellow, who eats dead horses and sheep. There is his picture. . . .

Your own daddy,

C. KINGSLEY.

When Kingsley wrote "The Heroes," Grenville was too young to understand the stories, so he was not included in the dedication. Some years later, Mrs. Kingsley reminded her husband of his promise to write a book for each of his children. "Rose, Maurice, and Mary have their book, and Baby [meaning Grenville] must have his," she said. In half an hour the first chapter of the fairy story, "Water Babies," was written.

Charles Kingsley loved the freshness and fragrance of the riverside, and the story of "The Water Babies" is like a breeze from the water. Some of us remember the song that the river sang to Tom the water baby.

> "Clear and cool, clear and cool,
> By laughing shallow and dreaming pool."

The lines of this song glide and ripple and dance through our minds so that it is easy to remember them. In the third stanza the river sings of its broader, swifter course nearer the outlet into the sea.

> "Strong and free, strong and free,
> The flood gates are open away to the sea,
> Free and strong, free and strong,
> Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
> To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
> And the taintless tide that awaits one afar,
> As I lose myself in the infinite main
> Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
> Undefiled for the undefiled,
> Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

The story of "The Water Babies" puzzled some children very much. They supposed it to be a fairy tale, and yet at times these queer little folk in the water seemed very real. One boy who took the story seriously determined to find out if water babies really existed. He was a grandson of Professor Huxley, the great

English naturalist, who spent all his life studying about the animals that live on land and in the sea.

Julian thought that if any one could tell him the truth about these mysterious creatures, his grandfather could. Then, too, he had seen a picture of Thomas Huxley examining a bottled water baby, with a magnifying glass, so he thought he must have seen one. Evidently Julian forgot what Kingsley said in his dedication: —

"Come read my riddle, each good little man,
If you cannot read it, no grown up folk can."

He wrote: —

"*Dear Grandfather,* — Have you seen a water baby? Did you put it in a bottle? Did it wonder if it could get out? Can I see it some day?

Your loving
JULIAN."

Julian had just learned to write and could not yet easily read handwriting, so he was a little anxious about the reply. Thomas Huxley knew as much about little boys, just learning to read and write, as he did about other members of Mother Nature's interesting family, and when the answer came it was carefully printed.

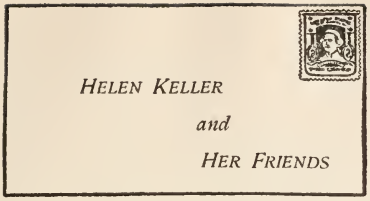
My dear Julian, — I never could make sure about that water baby. I have seen babies in water, and babies in bottles, but the baby in the water was not in a bottle, and the baby in the bottle was not in water.

My friend who wrote the story of the water baby was a very kind man, and very clever. Perhaps he

thought I could see as much in the water as he did. There are some people who see a great deal and some who see very little in the same things. When you grow up I dare say you will be one of the great-deal seers, and see things more wonderful things than water babies, when other folks can see nothing.

Ever your loving,

GRANDPATER.



Surely many children know something of the life of Helen Keller, the little girl who became deaf, dumb, and blind.

For almost six years she was a very sad child. Then some one came to her who taught her to be happy. Helen writes of that time: "The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to me. It was the third day of May, 1887, three months before I was seven years old."

Miss Sullivan began at once to spell words into Helen's hand. The child imitated the signs, but for several weeks she did not understand that everything had a name. When it finally came to her mind, and she realized that she could communicate with people, she was greatly excited. She learned the names of new objects every day and also the parts of speech, so that in a short time she could say whole sentences.

Helen was especially interested in writing, and her letters are not only wonderful as the work of a blind and deaf girl, but they are good letters, almost from the first.

This letter she wrote to the readers of *St. Nicholas* magazine, explaining how she was taught to write: —

To St. Nicholas

Dear St. Nicholas, — It gives me very great pleasure to send you my autograph because I want the

boys and girls who read *St. Nicholas* to know how blind children write. I suppose some of them wonder how we keep the lines so straight so I will try to tell them how it is done. We have a grooved board which we put between the pages when we wish to write. The parallel grooves correspond to lines, and when we have pressed the paper into them by means of the blunt end of the pencil, it is very easy to keep the words even. The small letters are all made in the grooves, while the long ones extend above and below them. We guide the pencil with the right hand, and feel carefully with the forefinger of the left hand to see that we shape and space the letters correctly. It is very difficult at first to form them plainly, but if we keep on trying it gradually becomes easier, and after a great deal of practice we can write legible letters to our friends. Then we are very, very happy. Sometime they may visit a school for the blind. If they do, I am sure they will wish to see the pupils write.

Very sincerely your little friend,

HELEN KELLER.

Helen made many friends, and among her correspondents we find the names of well-known people. Sometimes she was taken to call upon these friends. She describes her first meeting with Dr. Holmes in this way: —

"I remember well the first time I saw Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had invited Miss Sullivan and me to call upon him

one Sunday afternoon. It was early in the spring just after I had learned to speak. We were shown at once to his library, where we found him seated in a big arm-chair by an open fire which glowed and crackled on the hearth, thinking, he said, of other days. "And listening to the murmur of the River Charles," I suggested. "Yes," he replied, "the Charles has many dear associations for me." There was an odor of paint and leather in the room which told me that it was full of books, and I stretched out my hands instinctively to find them. My fingers lighted upon a beautiful volume of Tennyson's poems, and when Miss Sullivan told me what it was, I began to recite: —

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!'

But I stopped suddenly; I felt tears on my hand. I had made my beloved poet weep and I was greatly distressed. He made me sit in his arm-chair while he brought different interesting things for me to examine, and at his request I recited 'The Chambered Nautilus,' which was then my favorite poem. After that I saw Dr. Holmes many times and learned to love the man as well as the poet."

Not long after the call Helen wrote this letter to Dr. Holmes: —

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,
March 1, 1890.

Dear kind poet, — I have thought of you many times since that bright Sunday when I bade you good-by; and I am going to write you a letter because I love you. I am sorry that you have no little children to play with you sometimes; but I think you are very happy with your books, and your many, many friends.

On Washington's birthday a great many people came here to see the blind children; and I read for them from your poems, and showed them some beautiful shells, which came from a little island near Palos.

I am reading a very sad story, called "Little Jakey." Jakey was the sweetest little fellow you can imagine, but he was poor and blind. I used to think — when I was small, and before I could read — that everybody was always happy, and at first it made me very sad to know about pain and great sorrow; but now I know that we could never learn to be brave and patient, if there were only joy in the world.

I am studying about insects in zoölogy, and I have learned many things about butterflies. They do not make honey for us, like the bees, but many of them are as beautiful as the flowers they light upon, and they always delight the hearts of little children. They live a gay life, flitting from flower to flower, sipping the drops of honeydew, without a thought for the morrow. They are just like little boys and girls when they forget books and studies, and run away to the woods and the fields, to gather wild flowers, or wade in the ponds for fragrant lilies, happy in the bright sunshine.

If my little sister comes to Boston next June, will you let me bring her to see you? She is a lovely baby, and I am sure you will love her.

Now I must tell my gentle poet good-by, for I have a letter to write home before I go to bed.

From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

Here is a letter from Dr. Holmes in reply to one from Helen: —

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.,
August 1, 1890.

My dear little Friend Helen, — I received your welcome letter several days ago, but I have so much writing to do that I am apt to make my letters wait a good while before they get answered.

It gratifies me very much to find that you remember me so kindly. Your letter is charming, and I am greatly pleased with it. I rejoice to know that you are well and happy. I am very much delighted to hear of your new acquisition — that "you talk with your mouth" as well as with your fingers. What a curious thing *speech* is! The tongue is so serviceable a member (taking all sorts of shapes, just as is wanted), the teeth, lips, the roof of the mouth all ready to help, and so heap up the sound of the voice into the solid bits which we call consonants, and make room for the curiously shaped breathings which we call vowels! You have studied all this, I don't doubt, since you have practised vocal speaking.

I am surprised at the mastery of language which

your letter shows. It almost makes me think the world would get along as well without seeing and hearing as with them. Perhaps people would be better in a great many ways, for they could not fight as they do now. Just think of an army of blind people, with guns and cannon! Think of the poor drummers! Of what use would they and their drumsticks be? You are spared the pain of many sights and sounds, which you are only too happy in escaping. Then think how much kindness you are sure of as long as you live. Everybody will feel an interest in dear little Helen; everybody will want to do something for her; and if she becomes an ancient, gray-haired woman, she is still sure of being thoughtfully cared for.

Your parents and friends must take great satisfaction in your progress. It does great credit, not only to you, but to your instructors, who have so broken down the walls that seemed to shut you in, that now your outlook seems more bright and cheerful than that of many seeing and hearing children.

Good-by, dear little Helen! With every kind wish from your friend,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The poet Whittier was another of Helen's friends. She writes of him: —

"One beautiful summer day not long after my meeting with Dr. Holmes, Miss Sullivan and I visited Whittier, in his quiet home on the Merrimac. His gentle courtesy and quaint speech won my heart. He had a book of his poems in raised print from which I read, "In School Days." He was delighted that I could pronounce the words so well and said that he had no difficulty in understanding me. Then I asked many questions about the poem and read his answers by placing my fingers on his lips. He said he was the little boy in the poem and that the girl's name was Sally and more which I have forgotten."

On Whittier's eighty-third birthday he received this letter from Helen Keller: —

HELEN KELLER TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SOUTH BOSTON,
Dec. 17, 1890.

Dear Kind Poet, — This is your birthday; that was the first thought which came into my mind when I awoke this morning; and it made me glad to think I could write you a letter and tell you how much your little friends love their sweet poet and his birthday. This evening they are going to entertain their friends with readings from your poems and music.

I hope the swift-winged messengers of love will be here to carry some of the sweet melody to you in your little study by the Merrimac. At first I was very sorry when I found that the sun had hidden his shining face behind dull clouds, but afterwards I thought why he did it, and then I was happy. The sun knows that you like to see the world covered with beautiful white snow and so he kept back all his brightness and let the little crystals form in the sky. When they are ready they will softly fall and tenderly cover every object. Then the sun will appear in all his radiance and fill the world with light. If I were with you to-day I would give you eighty-three kisses, one for each year you have lived. Eighty-three years seems very long to me. Does it seem long to you? I wonder how many years there will be in eternity. I am afraid I cannot think about so much time. I received the letter which you wrote to me last summer, and I thank you for it. I am staying in Boston now at the Institution for the Blind, but I have not commenced my studies yet because my dearest friend Mr. Anagnos wants me to rest and play a great deal.

Teacher is well and sends her kind remembrance to you. The happy Christmas time is almost here! I can hardly wait for the fun to begin! I hope your Christmas Day will be a very happy one and that

the New Year will be full of brightness and joy for you and every one.

From your little friend,

HELEN A. KELLER.

Whittier must have rejoiced to know that his poems gave so much pleasure at the Institute for the Blind. Perhaps "Maud Muller" and "Barbara Frietchie" were among those that the children recited, at the entertainment Helen describes.

After reading her letter, we do not wonder that the poet answered it as he did.

My dear Young Friend, — I was very glad to have such a pleasant letter on my birthday. I had two or three hundred others and thine was one of the most welcome of all. I must tell thee about how the day passed at Oak Knoll. Of course the sun did not shine, but we had great open wood fires in the rooms which were all very sweet with roses and other flowers which were sent to me from distant friends, and fruits of all kinds from California and other places. Some relatives and dear old friends were with me during the day. I do not wonder thee thinks eighty-three years a long time, but to me it seems but a very little while since I was a boy no older than thee, playing on the old farm at Haverhill. I thank thee for all thy good wishes, and wish thee as many. I am glad thee is at the Institution; it is an excellent

place. Give my best regards to Miss Sullivan, and with a great deal of love, I am,

Thy old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In "The Story of My Life" Helen Keller tells of her friendship with Bishop Brooks.

"Only those who knew Bishop Brooks can appreciate the joy his friendship was to those who possessed it. As a child I loved to sit on his knee and clasp his great hand with one of mine while Miss Sullivan spelled into the other his beautiful words about God and the spiritual world. I heard him with a child's wonder and delight."

Here are some letters that these two good friends exchanged:

TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA, July 14, 1890.

My dear Mr. Brooks, — I am very glad to write to you this beautiful day because you are my kind friend and I love you and because I wish to know many things. I have been at home three weeks, and oh, how happy I have been with dear mother and father and precious little sister. I was very, very sad to part with all of my friends in Boston, but I was so eager to see my baby sister I could hardly wait for the train to take me home. But I tried very hard to be patient for teacher's sake. Mildred has grown much taller and stronger than she was when I went to Boston, and she is the sweetest and dearest little child in the world. My parents were delighted to

hear me speak and I was overjoyed to give them such a happy surprise. I think it is so pleasant to make everybody happy. Why does the dear Father in heaven think it best for us to have great sorrow sometimes? I am always happy, and so was little Lord Fauntleroy, but dear little Jakey's life was full of sadness. God did not put the light in Jakey's eyes and he was blind, and his father was not gentle and loving. Do you think Jakey loved his Father in heaven more because his other father was unkind to him? How did God tell people that His home was in heaven? When people do very wrong and hurt animals and treat children unkindly God is grieved, but what will He do to them to teach them to be pitiful and loving? I think He will tell them how dearly He loves them, and that He wants them to be good and happy, and they will not wish to grieve their father who loves them so much, and they will want to please Him in everything they do, so they will love each other and do good to every one and be kind to animals.

Please tell me something that you know about God. It makes me happy to know much about my loving Father who is good and wise. I hope you will write to your little friend when you have time. I should like very much to see you to-day. Is the sun very hot in Boston now? This afternoon, if it is cool enough, I shall take Mildred for a ride on my donkey.

Mr. Wade sent Neddy to me, and he is the prettiest donkey you can imagine. My great dog Lioness goes with us when we ride to protect us. Simpson, that is my brother, brought me some beautiful pond lilies yesterday. He is a very good brother to me.

Teacher sends you her kind remembrances and father and mother also send their regards.

From your loving little friend,

HELEN KELLER.

DR. BROOKS' REPLY

LONDON, August 3, 1890.

My dear Helen, — I was very glad indeed to get your letter. It has followed me across the ocean and found me in this magnificent great city which I should like to tell you all about if I could take time for it and make my letter long enough. Sometime when you come to see me in my study in Boston I shall be glad to talk to you about it all if you care to hear.

But now I want to tell you how glad I am that you are so happy and enjoying your home so much. I can almost think I see you with your father and mother and little sister, with all the brightness of the beautiful country about you; and it makes me very glad to know how glad you are.

I am glad also to know, from the questions which you ask me, what you are thinking about. I do not see how we can help thinking about God when He is so good to us all the time. Let me tell you how it seems to me that we come to know about our heavenly Father. It is from the power of love which is in our own hearts. Love is at the soul of everything. Whatever has not the power of loving must have a very dreary life indeed. We like to think that the sunshine and the winds and the trees are able to love in some way of their own, for it would make us know that they were happy if we knew that they could love. And so God who is the greatest and happiest of all beings is the most loving too. All the love that is in our hearts comes from Him, as all the light which is in the flowers comes from the sun. And the more we love the more near we are to God and His love.

I told you that I was very happy because of your happiness. Indeed I am. So are your Father and Mother and your Teacher and all your friends. But do you not think that God is happy too, because you are happy? I am sure He is. And He is happier than any of us, and also because He not merely *sees* your happiness as we do, but He also *made* it. He gives it to you as the sun gives light and color to the rose. And we are always most glad of what we not

merely see our friends enjoy, but of what we give them to enjoy. Are we not?

But God does not only want us to be *happy;* He wants us to be *good.* He wants that most of all. He knows that we can be really happy only when we are good. A great deal of the trouble that is in the world is medicine which is very bad to take, but which it is good to take because it makes us better. We see how good people may be in great trouble when we think of Jesus who was the greatest sufferer that ever lived and yet was the best Being and so, I am sure, the happiest Being that the world has ever seen.

I love to tell you about God. But He will tell you Himself by the love which He will put into your heart if you ask Him. And Jesus, who is His Son, but is nearer to Him than all of us His other children, came into the world on purpose to tell us all about our Father's love. If you read His words, you will see how full His heart is of the love of God. "We know that He loves us," He says. And so He loved men Himself and though they were very cruel to Him and at last killed Him, He was willing to die for them because He loved them so. And Helen, He loves men still and He loves us and He tells us that we may love Him.

And so love is everything. And if anybody asks

you, or if you ask yourself what God is, answer, "God is Love." That is the beautiful answer which the Bible gives.

All this is what you are to think of and to understand more and more as you grow older. Think of it now, and let it make every blessing brighter because your dear Father sends it to you.

You will come back to Boston I hope soon after I do. I shall be there by the middle of September. I shall want you to tell me all about everything, and not forget the Donkey.

I send my kind remembrance to your father and mother, and to your teacher. I wish I could see your little sister.

Good-by, dear Helen. Do write to me soon again, directing your letter to Boston.

Your affectionate friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

So. BOSTON, May 1, 1891.

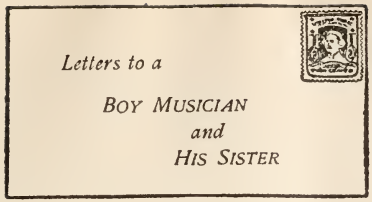
My dear Mr. Brooks, — Helen sends you a loving greeting this bright Mayday. My teacher has just told me that you have been made a bishop, and that your friends everywhere are rejoicing because one whom they love has been greatly honored. I do not understand very well what a bishop's work is, but I am sure it must be good and helpful and I am glad

that my dear friend is brave, and wise, and loving enough to do it. It is very beautiful to think that you can tell so many people of the heavenly Father's tender love for all His children even when they are not gentle and noble as He wishes them to be. I hope the glad news which you will tell them will make their hearts beat fast with joy and love. I hope too that Bishop Brooks' whole life will be as rich in happiness as the month of May is full of blossoms and singing birds.

From your loving little friend.

HELEN KELLER.[1]

[1] From "The Story of My Life." Copyright, 1902–1903, by Helen Keller.



Mendelssohn, the great musical composer, had a sister whom he loved dearly. When they were children they studied and played together and dreamed happy day dreams as children do, but they cared for music above all else. Their mother began to give them piano lessons when they were very young, and for a time there was a pleasant sort of rivalry between the brother and sister. Soon, however, Fanny fell behind, for, no matter how hard she tried, she could not play as well as Felix. In a few months he outgrew his mother's teaching and was sent to study with a music teacher.

Perhaps some of us think that a little eight-year-old hand is hardly able to strike an octave on the piano, and yet when Mendelssohn was that age he played really difficult music, and soon after his tenth birthday he played at concerts in Berlin and Paris.

How hard the little fellow must have worked to prepare for these concerts! No wonder that the play hours were often crowded out of his busy days. Perhaps, though, he found pleasure enough in his music to make up for the loss of fishing, riding, and other sports that boys love.

Every one who knew the boy seemed ambitious for him. Once an old music teacher said to him, "Your ideas must be as great as that spire," pointing to a high church spire. But no one had greater ambitions for Felix than his father. We know this to be true from the letters that he wrote. Perhaps they are a trifle severe, but the boy received so much praise that no doubt their reproofs kept him from being spoiled.

"You, my dear Felix, must state exactly what kind of music paper you wish to have; ruled or not ruled, and if the former you must say distinctly how it is to be ruled. When I went into a shop the other day to buy some I found that I did not know myself what I wanted to have. Read over your letter before you send it off, and ascertain whether, if addressed to yourself, you could fully understand it and could fully execute the commission contained in it.

YOUR FATHER AND FRIEND."

Here is a letter to Felix and Fanny: —

HAMBURG, Oct. 29th, 1817.

Your letters, dear children, have afforded me very great pleasure. I should write to each of you separately if I were not coming home in such a short time and I hope you will prefer myself to a letter. You, dear Fanny, have written your first letter very nicely; the second, however, was a little hasty. . . .

About you, dear Felix, your mother writes as yet with satisfaction and I am glad of it and hope to find a faithful and pleasing diary. Mind my maxim, "True and obedient." You cannot be anything better if you follow it, and if not you can be nothing worse.

Your letters have given me pleasure, but in the second I found some traces of carelessness which I will point out to you when I come home. You must

endeavor to speak better, then you will also write better. To see you all again will be a very great pleasure to me. I send you my love.

This letter is addressed only to Fanny, but is so full of Felix that we are sure to find it interesting: —

To Fanny, — What you wrote to me about your musical occupations with reference to and comparison with Felix was both rightly thought and expressed. Music will perhaps become his profession, whilst for you it can and must only be an ornament, never the root of your being and doing. We may therefore pardon him some ambition and desire to be acknowledged in a pursuit which appears very important to him because he feels a vocation for it. Whilst it does you credit that you have always shown yourself good and sensible in these matters, and your very joy at the praise he earns proves that you might in his place have merited equal approval.

Mother wrote to me the other day that you had complained of a want of pieces for the exercise of the third and fourth finger, and that Felix had thereupon directly composed one for you.

When Mendelssohn was eleven years old he went to Weimar with Professor Zelter to visit at the home of Goethe, the famous German poet.

The friendship between the old man and the boy musician which began at this time lasted until the poet's death. He once

wrote to Felix, "Come to me when I am sad and discouraged and quiet my soul with thy sweet harmonies."

Mendelssohn had an experience at Weimar that comes to few people. He was taken to court to play for royalty; he was praised and petted by those who met him, but through it all he kept a sweet, unspoiled manner.

WEIMAR, Nov. 6th, 1821.

Now listen, all of you. To-day is Tuesday. On Sunday the Sun of Weimar, Goethe, arrived. We went to church in the morning and heard half of Handel's Music to the 100th Psalm. The organ though large is weak; that of St. Mary's Church is smaller but much more powerful. The Weimar one has fifty stops, forty-four notes, and one thirty-two foot pipe.

After church I wrote to you that little letter dated the 4th inst and went to the Elephant Hotel, where I made a sketch. Two hours later Professor Zelter came, calling out, "Goethe has come, the old gentleman has come." We instantly hurried down stairs and went to Goethe's house. He was in the garden, just coming round a hedge. He is very kind but I do not think any of his portraits like him. . . . He does not look like a man of 73, rather of 50.

After dinner Fräulein Ulrike, Frau von Goethe's sister, asked him for a kiss and I followed her example. Every morning I have a kiss from the author of "Faust" and "Werther" and every afternoon two kisses from the father and friend of Goethe.

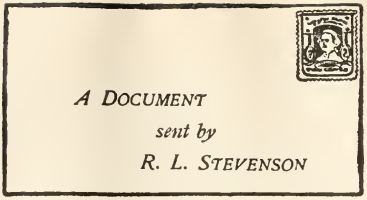
Think of that! In the afternoon I played to Goethe for about two hours, partly fugues of Bach and partly improvisations. In the evening they arranged a whist table and Professor Zelter who took a hand, said: "Whist means that you are to hold your tongue."

There's one of his good expressions for you. Now, something for you, my dear Fanny! Yesterday morning I took your songs to Frau von Goethe, who has a good voice and will sing them to the old gentleman. I told him that you had written them and asked him whether he would like to hear them. He said, "Yes, yes, with pleasure." Frau von Goethe likes them very much indeed and that is a good omen. To-day or to-morrow he is to hear them.

A few days later Mendelssohn wrote: —

WEIMAR, Nov. 10th.

On Thursday morning the Grand Duke and the Duchess came to us and I had to play. And I played from eleven in the morning till ten in the evening, with only two hours' interruption; every afternoon Goethe opens his instrument with the words, "I have not yet heard you to-day — now make a little noise for me." And then he generally sits down by my side and when I have done (mostly extemporizing) I ask for a kiss or I take one. You cannot fancy how good and kind he is to me.



Some years ago a little girl, who regretted that she had a Christmas birthday, received word from a friend that he would give her his birthday, which occurred in November.[1] He deeded the day to her in the form of a will, and asked in return that she add part of his name to her own.

[1] Stevenson's Birthday

November 13, 1850.

"How I should like a birthday," said the child,
"I have so few and they are so far apart."
She spoke to Stevenson — the Master smiled,
"Mine is to-day, I would with all my heart
That it were yours; too many years have I,
Too swift they come, and all too swiftly fly."

So by a formal deed he then conveyed
All right and title to his natal day,
To have and hold, to sell or give away —
Then signed and gave it to the little maid.

Joyful yet fearing to believe too much,
She took the deed but scarcely dared unfold.
Ah, Liberal Genius at whose potent touch
All common things shine with transmitted gold,
A day of Stevenson's will prove to be
Not part of time, but Immortality.

— Katherine Miller.

Her friend was Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote the book that many of us love so much, "The Child's Garden of Verses."

I, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, Advocate of the Scots Bar, author of "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE" and "MORAL EMBLEMS," stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British Subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body:

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide in the town of Saint Johnsbury, in the county of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday;

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description;

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as I require:

HAVE TRANSFERRED, and DO HEREBY TRANSFER, to the said Annie H. Ide, all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the

birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa — at least in private; and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, *et tamquam bona filia familia*, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember;

And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being:

In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one. (Seal)

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Witness, Lloyd Osbourne.

Witness, Harold Watts.

At that time Stevenson was living on an island in the Pacific Ocean, and many months passed before he heard from the little girl. Evidently he liked her letter when it came. Here is his reply: —

To Miss Annie H. Ide

Vailima, Samoa, November, 1891.

My dear Louisa, — Your picture of the church, the photograph of yourself and your sister, and your very witty and pleasing letter came all in a bundle and made me feel I had my money's worth for that birthday. I am now, I must be, one of your nearest relatives; exactly what we are to each other I do not know. I doubt if the case has ever happened before — your papa ought to know, and I don't believe he does; but I think I ought to call you in the meanwhile, and until we get the advice of counsel learned in the law, my name-daughter. Well, I was extremely pleased to see by the church that my name-daughter could draw; by the letter, that she was no fool; and by the photograph, that she was a pretty girl, which hurts nothing. See how virtues are rewarded! My first idea of adopting you was entirely charitable; and here I find that I am quite proud of it, and of you, and that I chose just the kind of name-daughter I wanted. For I can draw, too, or rather I mean to say I could before I forgot how; and I am very far from being a fool myself, however much I may look it; and I am as beautiful as the day, or at least I once hoped that perhaps I might be going to be. And so I might. So that you

see we are well met, and peers on these important points. I am very glad, also, that you are older than your sister; so should I have been, if I had had one. So that the number of points and virtues which you have inherited from your name-father is already quite surprising.

I wish you would tell your father — not that I like to encourage my rival — that we have had a wonderful time here of late, and that they are having a cold day on Mulinuu, and the consuls are writing reports, and I am writing to the *Times*, and if we don't get rid of our friends this time I shall begin to despair of everything but my name-daughter.

You are quite wrong as to the effect of the birthday on your age. From the moment the deed was registered (as it was in the public press, with every solemnity), the 13th of November became your own and only birthday, and you ceased to have been born on Christmas Day. Ask your father; I am sure he will tell you this is sound law. You are thus become a month and twelve days younger than you were, but will go on growing older for the future in the regular and human manner, from one 13th November to the next. The effect on me is more doubtful; I may, as you suggest, live forever; I might, on the other hand, come to pieces, like the one-horse shay, at a moment's notice; doubtless the

step was risky, but I do not the least regret that which enables me to sign myself your revered and delighted name-father,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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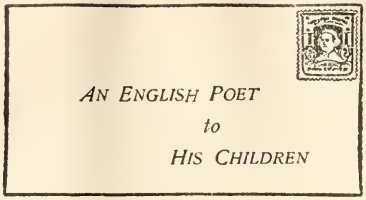


An English Poet to His Children

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there lived in Cumberland, England, a group of poets, who were known as the "Lake Poets," from the fact that they lived in a part of England which is famed for its beautiful lakes. Their names were Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth.

Southey and Coleridge were fast friends, and when misfortunes came to the latter, Southey showed his love for his friend by taking the Coleridge children to his home and supporting them.

Under the same roof with all these happy boys and girls lived a large colony of cats, for Southey dearly loved animals. He once wrote a book called "The History of the Cattery of Cat's Eden."

The poet received many honors during his life. He was chosen by the king to be Poet Laureate[1] in 1813, and a few years later Oxford University honored him.

[1] Laureate means crowned with laurel. The "Poet Laureate" of England is the king's poet. He is expected to write poems for special occasions, such as a victory in battle, or upon the birth or death of a member of the royal family. The name was given because at one time the poet laureate was publicly crowned with laurel by his ruler.

A wreath of laurel has always been considered a badge of honor. In the old Greek athletic contests, instead of receiving a prize, the victors were crowned with it.

At that time he wrote this letter to his little girls: —

June 26, 1820.

Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, you have been very good girls and have written me very nice letters with which I was much pleased. This is the last letter which I can write in return; and as I happen to have a quiet hour to myself here at Streatham on Monday noon, I will employ that hour in relating to you the whole history and manner of my being ell-ell-deed at Oxford, by the Vice Chancellor.

You must know then that because I had written a great many good books and more especially the "Life of Wesley," it was made known to me by the Vice Chancellor that the University of Oxford was desirous of showing me the only mark of honor in their power to bestow, which was that of making me an LL.D., that is to say, a doctor of laws. Now, you are to know that some persons are ell-ell-deed every year at Oxford at the great annual meeting which is called the Commemoration.

* * * * * *

The ceremony of ell-ell-deeing is performed in a large circular building called a theater, of which I will show you a print when I return, and this theater is filled with people. . . . When the theater is full, the Vice Chancellor and the heads of houses and the

doctors enter; those persons who are to be ell-ell-deed remain without in the divinity schools, in their robes, till the convocation have signified their assent to the ell-ell-deeing and then they are led into the theater one after the other, in a line into the middle of the area, the people just making a lane for them. The Professor of Civil Law, Dr. Phillimore, went before and made a long speech in Latin telling the Vice Chancellor and the doctors what excellent persons we were who were now to be ell-ell-deed. Then he took us one by one by the hand, and presented each in his turn, pronouncing his name aloud, saying who and what he was, and calling him many laudatory names ending in *issimus*. The audience then cheered loudly to show their approbation of the person; the Vice Chancellor stood up and repeating the first words in *issime* ell-ell-deed him; the beadles lifted up the bar of separation and the new-made doctor went up the steps and took his seat.

Oh, Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, if you had seen me that day! I was like other *issimes* dressed in a great robe of the finest scarlet cloth with sleeves of rose-colored silk and I had in my hand a black velvet cap like a beef-eater, for the use of which dress I paid one guinea for that day. . . .

Little girls, you know it might be proper for me now, to wear a large wig and to be called Doctor

Southey and to become very severe and to leave off being a comical papa. And if you should find that ell-ell-deeing has made this difference in me you will not be surprised. However, I shall not come down in a wig neither shall I wear my robes at home.

God bless you all!

Your affectionate father,

R. SOUTHEY.

Sometimes Southey wrote verses for his children. One of his most famous poems, "The Cataract of Lodore," with its wonderful description of moving water, was written for them. The first few lines tell us this.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time,
And moreover he asked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
Then first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their Brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store."

No doubt Cuthbert, to whom this letter is addressed, was "the little boy" mentioned in the poem.

LEYDEN, July 2, 1825.

My dear Cuthbert, — I have a present for you from Lodowijk William Bilderdijk, a very nice good boy who is the age of your sister Isabel. It is a book of Dutch verses which you and I will read together when I come home. When he was a little boy and was learning to write, his father, who is very much such a father as I am, made little verses for him to write in his copy book; so much that leave was asked to print them. . . . Lodowijk will write his name and yours in the book. He is a very gentle good boy and I hope that one of these days somewhere or other he and you may meet.

I must tell you about his stork. You should know that there are a great many storks in this country and that it is thought a very wicked thing to hurt them. They make their nests, which are as large as a great clothes basket, upon the houses and churches, and frequently, when a house or church is built, a wooden frame is made on the top for the storks to build in. Out of one of these nests a young stork had fallen and somebody wishing to keep him in a garden cut one of his wings. The stork tried to fly, but fell in Mr. Bilderdijk's garden and was found there one morning almost dead; his legs and his bill had lost

their color and were grown pale, and he would have died if Mrs. Bilderdijk, who is kind to everybody and everything, had not taken care of him. . . . She gave him food and he recovered. The first night they put him in sort of a summerhouse in the garden, which I cannot describe to you for I have not been there myself; the second night he walked to the door himself that it might be opened to him. He was very fond of Lodowijk and Lodowijk was as fond of his "oyevaar" (which is the name for stork in Dutch, though I am not sure that I have spelled it right) and they used to play together in such a manner that his father says it was a pleasure to see them; for a stork is a large bird, tall and upright, almost as tall as you are or quite. The oyevaar was a bad gardener; he ate snails, but with his great broad foot he did a great deal of mischief, and destroyed all the strawberries and many of the vegetables. But Mr. and Mrs. Bilderdijk did not mind this because the oyevaar loved Lodowijk and therefore they loved the oyevaar, and sometimes they used to send a mile out of town to buy eels for him when none could be had in Leyden.

The very day I came to the house, the stork flew away. His wings were grown and no doubt he thought it time to get a wife and settle in life. Lodowijk saw him rise up in the air and fly away.

Lodowijk was very sorry. Not only because he loved the oyevaar, but because he was afraid the oyevaar would not be able to get his own living and therefore would be starved. On the second evening, however, the stork came again and pitched upon a wall near. It was in the twilight and the storks cannot see at all when it is dusk; but whenever Lodowijk called Oye! Oye! (which was the way he used to call him) the oyevaar turned his head toward the sound; he did not come into the garden. Some fish was placed there for him, but in the morning he was gone and had not eaten it; so we suppose that he is married and living very happily with his mate and that now and then he will come and visit the old friends who were so good to him.

. . . I hope you have been a good boy and done everything that you ought to do while I am away. . . . My love to your sisters and to everybody else. I hope Kumpelstilzchen has recovered his health and that Miss Cat is well, and I should like to know whether Miss Fitzrumpel has been given away and if there is another kitten. The Dutch cats do not speak exactly the same language as the English ones. I will tell you how they talk when I come home.

God bless you, my dear Cuthbert.

Your dutiful father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Letters

to

A Little Scotch Girl

When Sir Walter Scott was a boy he was not very strong, and the doctors advised his parents to send him to live on a farm in the country. He spent his days in the care of a shepherd, wandering over the hillsides with the sheep. Sometimes he slept out under the stars, wrapped in a sheepskin. The farm was in a part of England that is full of legends, and the boy was fascinated with what he heard and read of the battles and events which had occurred there. From a hill on the farm he could point to forty-three places, famous in war and verse. Often after listening to some exciting tale, he would make armies of sticks and stones and reproduce the whole scene. He little knew that all the while he was gathering the material for the books that he would write.

Scott never lost his fondness for outdoor life. Of course when he became a writer he spent most of his time at his desk, but when the day's work was over he was like a schoolboy in his delight to be out of doors. Sometimes he worked in the garden with his children; sometimes he took long tramps in the country with his dogs for company. He loved all dumb animals, but dogs were his special pets. "Maida," "Camp," "Percy," were the names of some of his favorites. He put up a monument to "Maida," when she died, and several artists who painted Scott's portrait put "Camp" in the picture.

He often referred to the pets in his letters, showing that they were a real part of the family life. Once he wrote: "Dogs are

well ; cat sick, supposed with eating birds in their feathers." Again, he said : "Dogs and cats are well. I dare say you have heard from some other correspondent that poor Lady Wallace [a pony] died of an inflammatory attack after a two days' illness."

Scott did not write many letters to his children when they were young, for he was seldom away from home. However, we have found two or three, which tell of the simple, everyday life at Abbotsford.[1]

MERTOUN HOUSE, 19th April, 1812.

My dear Sophia, — Mamma and I got your letter and are happy to think that our little people are all well and happy.

In Lord Hailes' Annals you will find a good deal about Melrose Abbey, which you must fix in your recollection as we are now going to live near it. It was founded by David the First, one of the best of our Scottish kings.

We have had very cold weather here indeed, but to-day it is more favorable. The snow and frost have prevented things getting on at Abbotsford so well as I could wish, but a great deal has been done.

[1] So named for the land formerly belonged to the abbots of Melrose, the abbey near Scott's home.

The house and grounds to-day are very much as they were when Sir Walter lived there. In the garden is the sun-dial on which he carved the words, "I will work while it is day." Under the study window is a life-size stone dog, the monument to "Maida," with these words on the base, "Maida, Maida, thou sleepest under the marble image of Maida."

I expect to find that Walter has plied his lessons hard and given satisfaction to Mr. Brown, and Ann and Charles are, I dare say, both very good children. You must kiss them all for me and pat up little Wallace [a dog]. Finette [a beautiful setter with soft silken hair] has been lame but she is now quite well.

* * * * * *

I think we shall be at home on Thursday or Friday, so the cook can have something ready for us, a beef steak or mutton chop, in case we are past your dinner hour.

Tell Walter I will not forget his great cannon and believe me, my dear Sophia,

Your affectionate papa,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 3rd May, 1813.

(very like the 3rd March, in temperature)

My dear Sophia,— . . . I am very sorry to say that poor Cuddy is no more. He lost the use of his hind legs, so we were obliged to have him shot out of humanity. This will vex little Ann, but as the animal could never have been of the least use to her, she has the less reason to regret his untimely death, and I will study to give her something that she will like as well, to make amends, namely a most beautiful peacock and peahen, so tame that they come to the porch and

eat out of the children's hands. They were a present . . . but I will give them to little Ann to make amends for this family loss of the donkey.

* * * * * *

I assure you the gardens are well looked after but we want a little rain sadly. The Russians have taken Dantzick and you have escaped reading some very cramp gazettes and consequently a good deal of yawning. . . .

I am always your affectionate papa,

WALTER SCOTT.

After many happy years at Abbotsford, Scott went to Edinburgh to live. It was there that he met Marjorie Fleming ; the little girl he loved so dearly and called "his bonnie wee croodlin' doo."

When he was tired and not in the humor for work, he would call his dog, and together they would go to get Marjorie for an hour's play. If the day was cold or stormy, the journey was a delight to the child, for Sir Walter carried her as the shepherds carry the little lambs, — in the great pocket at the side of his "plaidee."

Marjorie was unusually bright, and her active brain soon wore out her frail body. She lived to be only seven years old.

When she was five, she was "old, so old she could write a letter." Here it is, written to her sister Isabella : —

My dear Isa, — I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write me. This is the first time I ever wrote a

letter in my life. There are a great many girls in the square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painful necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potum, a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick pride but upon my word I felt myself turn a little birsay, — birsay is a word that William composed, which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpleton says that my Aunt is beautiful, which is entirely impossible, for that is not her nature.

Majorie writes, at another time: —

"I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched pleague that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it, the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure."

Isabella, remembering Majorie's struggles with the multiplication table, wrote and asked: —

"How is the dear multiplication table going on? Are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be?"

The following letter was written two years later: —

My dear Little Mama, — I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with

measles on every side. . . . I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it for the boys strike and mock me.

I will write you as often as I can, but I am afraid not every week. I long for you, with the feeling of a child to embrace you, to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You don't know how I love you, so I shall remain your loving child,

M. Fleming.

A month later she wrote this letter and it was her last, for she died soon after : —

My dear Mother, — You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature.

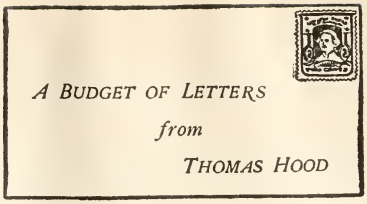
We have regular hours for all our occupations first at seven o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at eight we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten, then we get our music till 11, when we get our writing and accounts, we sew from 12 to 1 after which I get my grammer and then work till five.

At seven we come and knit till 8 when we don't go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must

take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence, and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

MAJORIE FLEMING.

P.S. — An old pack of cards would be very exceptible.



Some one has said, "Letters give wings to thoughts of absent ones." If people wrote only happy thoughts, perhaps the mail bags would be lighter. As it is they are often heavy, for they carry so many letters full of sighs.

Very little sadness, however, was to be found in the letters that Thomas Hood wrote to his friends, young or old. Sometimes his poems were sad, but his letters were like pure sunshine.

Hood was always a busy man and often a sick man. What he suffered of pain or disappointment no one ever knew, for he never let it go outside his study door.

His home was a happy place and a playground for many of the children in the neighborhood. He made friends with the playmates of his own boy and girl, Tom and Fanny, and welcomed them to his house.

His special favorites, however, were the children of his friend and physician, Dr. Elliott. One summer he wrote them these letters. Who would dream that the letters were written by a man who was ill and suffering.

Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood,
July 1st (1st of Hebrew falsity).

My dear Dunnie, — I have heard of your doings at Sandgate, and that you were so happy at getting to the sea, that you were obliged to be flogged a little

to moderate it and keep some for next day. I am very fond of the sea, too, though I have been twice nearly drowned by it; once in a storm in a ship and once under a boat's bottom when I was bathing. Of course you have bathed, but have you learned to swim yet? It is rather easy in salt water and diving is still easier, even than at the *sink*. I only swim in fancy and strike out new ideas.

Is not the tide curious? Though I cannot say much for its tidiness; it makes such a slop and litter on the beach. It comes and goes as regularly as the boys of a proprietary school, but has no holidays. And what a rattle the waves make with the stones when they are rough; you will find some rolled into decent marbles and bounces; sometimes you may hear the sound of a heavy sea at a distance, like a giant snoring. Some people say that every ninth wave is bigger than the rest. I have often counted but never found it come true, except with tailors, of whom every ninth is a man. But in rough weather there are giant waves, bigger than the rest, that come in trios, from which I suppose Britannia rules the waves by the rule of three. When I was a boy, I loved to play with the sea in spite of its sometimes getting rather *rough*. I and my brother chucked hundreds of stones into it as you do; but we came away before we could fill it up. In those days we were at war with France. Unluckily,

it's peace now, or with so many stones you might have good fun for days in pelting the enemy's coast. Once I almost thought I nearly hit Boney. Then there was looking for an island like Robinson Crusoe. Have you ever found one yet surrounded by water? I remember once staying on the beach when the tide was flowing till I was a peninsula and only by running turned myself into a continent.

Then there's fishing at the seaside. I used to catch flatfish with a very long string line. It was like swimming a kite. But perhaps there are no flatfish at Sandgate — except your shoe-soles. The best plan, if you want flatfish where there are none, is to bring codlings and hammer them into dabs. Once I caught a plaice, and seeing it all over red spots, thought I had caught the measles.

Do you ever long when you are looking at the sea for a voyage? If I were off Sandgate with my yacht (only she is not yet built), I would give you a cruise in her. In the meantime you can practice sailing any little boat you can get. But mind that it does not flounder or get swamped, as some people say, instead of "founder" and "swamp." I have been swamped myself by malaria, and almost foundered, which reminds me that Tom junior, being very ingenious, has made a cork model of a diving bell that won't sink.

By this time, I suppose, you are become, instead

of a land boy, a regular sea urchin ; and so amphibious that you can walk on the land as well as on the water — or better. And don't you mean, when you grow up, to go to sea ? Should you not like to be a little midshipman ? or half a quartermaster, with a cocked hat and a dirk, that will be a sword by the time you are a man ? If you do resolve to be a post-captain, let me know ; and I will endeavor through my interest with the Commissioners of Pavements, to get you a post to jump over of the proper height. Tom is just rigging a boat, so I suppose that he inclines to be an Admiral of the Marines. But before you decide, remember the portholes, and that there are great guns in those battle doors that will blow you into shuttlecocks, which is a worse game than whoop and hide — as to a good hiding.

And so farewell, young "Old Fellow," and take care of yourself so near the sea, for in some places they say it has not even a bottom to go to if you fall in. And remember when you are bathing, if you meet with a shark, the best way is to bite off his legs, if you can, before he walks off with yours. And, so, hoping you will be better soon, for somebody told me you had the shingles,

I am, my dear Dunnie,
Your affectionate friend,
THOMAS HOOD.

P.S. — I have heard that at Sandgate there used to be *lob*sters; but some ignorant fairy turned them all by a *spell* into *bol*sters.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD,
July 1, 1844.

My dear May, — How do you do, and how do you like the sea? not much perhaps, it's "so big." But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean, that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, although it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and if I were near it this dry summer, I would carry it all home, to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the blights, *May*flies and all.

I remember that, when I saw the sea it used sometimes to be very fussy, and fidgety, and did not always wash itself quite clean; but it was very fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps, full of water?

* * * * * *

There are no flowers, I suppose, on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me a bouquet, as you used at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the Polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys or playthings for a long

time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can't walk, and if I was his mamma, I *would* too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more — he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens.

And now good-by, Fanny has made my tea and I must drink it before it gets too hot, as we *all* were last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 in the shade, which is a great age! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them all to Miss H—— or somebody that it shouldn't. Give my love to everybody and my compliments to all the rest, and remember, I am, my dear May,

Your loving friend,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S. — Don't forget my little crab to dance the polka, and pray write to me as soon as you can if it's only a line.

DEVONSHIRE LODGE, NEW FINCHLEY ROAD,
July 1, 1844.

My Dear Jeanie, — So you are at Sandgate! Of course, wishing for your old playfellow, M—— H——, (he *can* play, it's work to me) to help you to make little puddles in the sand and swing on the gate. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which, in that case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere which you can catch if you are nimble enough, so like spiders I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer.

If you do catch a big one with long claws — and like experiments — you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it up with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jellyfish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea calves' feet, and no sherry.

* * * * * *

I suppose you never gather any sea flowers but only seaweeds. The truth is Mr. David Jones never rises from his bed, and so has a garden full of weeds, like Dr. Watts's Sluggard.

* * * * * *

I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay

under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tail, — which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your doll, whether it turns her into half a "doll-fin."

I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up, and sell it for ginger-pop.

When the sea is not too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth, — much smoother than a dressed salad.

Some time ago exactly, there used to be about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them "gulls," — but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea captain instead of a Doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion, or calf elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was

promised a baby whale by her sailor brother, and who *blubbered* because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach; or at least, a stone for one. The sea stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet, — and we can *always* keep sucking them!

If you can find one, pray pick me up a pebble for a seal. I prefer the red sort, like Mrs. Jenkin's brooch and earrings, which she calls "red chamelion." Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be; or else I would be Jeanie, and May, and Dunnie Elliott. And wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees! And oh! how I could climb up the downs and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs! Capital sport, only it wears out the woolens. Which reminds me of the sheep on the downs, and little May, so innocent, I daresay she often crawls about on all fours and tries to eat grass like a lamb. Grass isn't nasty; at least, not very, if you take care while you are browsing not to chump up the dandelions. They are large yellow star-flowers, and often grow about dairy farms, but give very bad milk!

When I can buy a telescope powerful enough, I shall have a peep at you. I am told with a good glass, you can see the sea at such a distance that the sea cannot see you! Now I must say good-by, for my paper gets short, but not stouter. Pray give my love to your Ma, and my compliments to Mrs. H—— and no mistake, and remember me, my dear Jeanie, as your

Affectionate friend,

THOS. HOOD.

The other Tom Hood sends his love to everybody and everything.

P.S. — Don't forget my pebble: — and a good *naughty-lass* would be esteemed a curiosity.

A short time before Hood wrote this letter to May, they had been to a picnic together; while walking hand in hand they stumbled and rolled down a steep bank and into some furze bushes at the bottom.

17, ELM TREE ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Monday, April, 1844.

My dear May, — I promised you a letter and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket and a hedgehog in the other.

The next time, before we kiss the earth, we will have its face well shaved. Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when "March winds and April showers bring forth *May* flowers!" for then of course you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides, it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shriveled me up so, that when I got home, I thought I was my own child!

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas; I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom's mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up for supper! There will be doings! And then such good things to eat; but pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for a *plump* pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to

Willy,[1] with which and a kiss, I remain up hill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover,

THOMAS HOOD.

[1] "Willy," at that writing, being very tall for his age, and May, his youngest sister, *not* very tall for her age. — T. H.

Charles Dickens to His Little Friends

One day Charles Dickens received from a little boy a letter inclosing a sketch of Fanny Squeers. The boy had been so interested in the story of Nicholas Nickleby that the characters of Smike, Mrs. Squeers, Fanny, and the rest seemed to be really alive. He hated Fanny, and in the spirit of revenge drew an ugly picture of her.

It evidently pleased Dickens to have the little fellow feel so strongly, for he wrote Master Humphrey Hughes this letter:[1]—

London, December 12, 1838.

Respected Sir, — . . . Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty disagreeable thing and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it, and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same I know — at least I think you will.

* * * * * *

[1] These letters are reprinted from "The Letters of Charles Dickens, 1833–1870," by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

I meant to have written you a long letter but I cannot write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night and I always go to bed at eight o'clock except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper, so I will not say anything more besides this, and that is my love to you and Neptune, and if you will drink my health every Christmas Day, I will drink yours.

I am, respected Sir,
Your affectionate friend,
CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S. I don't write my name very plain but you know what it is, you know, so never mind.

What good times Dickens' children must have had at Gad's Hill! We can believe that a lively set of boys and girls played there, summer after summer, and Dickens himself was the leader in all the fun. No wonder that they called him "The Inimitable."

We hope that the little sick girl to whom he wrote this letter was soon able to "obey the commands" and join her playmates in the country: —

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W. C.
Monday, April 18, 1859.

My dear Lotty, — This is merely a notice to you that I must positively insist on your getting well, strong and into good spirits with the least possible

delay. Also that I look forward to seeing you at Gad's Hill sometime in the summer, staying with the girls and heartlessly putting down Plorn.[1] You know that there is no appeal from the Plorn's inimitable Father. What he says must be done. Therefore I send you my love (which please take care of) and my commands (which please obey).

Ever your affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS.

Although this extract from one of Dickens' letters was not written to a child it was written about a child, and so may interest children: —

Here follows a dialogue (but it requires imitation) which I had yesterday morning with a little boy of the house; landlord's son, I suppose about Plorn's age. I am sitting on the sofa, writing, and find him sitting beside me.

Inimitable. Halloa, old chap.

Young Ireland. Hal-loo!

In. (In his delightful way) What a nice old fellow you are. I am very fond of little boys.

Y. I. Air yer? Ye'r right.

In. What do you learn, old fellow?

Y. I. (Very intent on Inimitable and always childish except in his brogue) I lairn wureds of three silli-

[1] A nickname for Dickens' son.

bils and wureds of two sillibils and wureds of one sillibil.

In. (gayly) Get out you humbug, you learn words of only one syllable.

Y. I. (laughs heartily) You may say that it is mostly wureds of one sillibil.

In. Can you write?

Y. I. Not yet. Things comes by deegrays.

In. Can you cipher?

Y. I. (very quickly) Wh'at's that?

In. Can you make figures?

Y. I. I can make a nought, which is not asy, being roond.

In. I say, old chap, wasn't it you I saw on Sunday morning in the hall wearing a Soldier's Cap? You know, in a Soldier's Cap?

Y. I. Was it a very good cap?

In. Yes.

Y. I. Did it fit unkommon?

In. Yes.

Y. I. Dat was me!

The following letters were written to children who invited Dickens to their birthday parties: —

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, Dec. 16th, 1841.

My dear Mary, — I should be delighted to come and dine with you on your birthday and to be as

merry as I wish you to be always, but as I am going within a few days afterwards a very long distance from home and shall not see any of my children for six long months, I have made up my mind to pass all that week at home for their sakes, just as you would like your papa and mamma to spend all the time they possibly could spare with you if they were about to make a dreary voyage to America, which is what I am going to do myself.

But although I cannot come to see you that day, you may be sure I shall not forget that it is your birthday and that I shall drink your health and many happy returns in a glass of wine filled as full as it will hold. And I shall dine at half past five myself so that we may both be drinking our wine at the same time; and I shall tell my Mary (for I have got a daughter of that name but she is a very small one as yet) to drink your health too; and we shall try and make believe that you are here, or that we are in Russel Square which is the best thing we can do, I think, under the circumstances.

You are growing up so fast that by the time I come home again I expect you will be almost a woman, and in a very few years we shall be saying to each other, "Don't you remember what the birthdays used to be in Russel Square?" and "how strange it seems" and "how quickly time passes," and that sort of thing

you know. But I shall be always very glad to be asked on your birthday and to come if you will let me and to send my love to you and to wish that you may live to be very old and very happy, which I do now with all my heart.

Believe me always,
My dear Mary,
Yours affectionately,
CHARLES DICKENS.

GAD'S HILL, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Monday, June 18, 1866.

My dear Lily, — I am sorry that I cannot come to read to you "The Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" as you ask me to do, but the truth is that I am tired of reading at this present time and have come into the country to rest and hear the birds sing. There are a good many birds I dare say in the Kensington Palace Gardens, and upon my word and honor they are much better worth listening to than I am, so let them sing for you as hard as ever they can, while their sweet voices last (they will be silent when winter comes) and very likely after you and I have eaten our next Christmas pudding and mince pies, you and I and Uncle Harry may all meet together at St. James Hall. Uncle Harry to bring you there to hear the "Boots," I to receive you there and read the "Boots"

and you (I hope) to applaud very much and tell me that you like "Boots." So God bless you and me and Uncle Harry and the "Boots" and long life and happiness to us all!

Your affectionate friend,

P. S. There's a flourish!

The Duke of Suffolk
to
His Six-year-old Son

Here is a letter dated "1450, 28 H. VI."

In those days it was the custom in England to include in the date the name of the king and the year of his reign, so we translate it to mean the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VI. England, at that time, had met with many losses, and the Duke of Suffolk, a man in high position in the kingdom, was blamed for all the trouble. Some of his enemies said that he had schemed to make his son king, and he was called a traitor.

In order to protect him from an angry mob, the king banished him from the country. Just before leaving England, the duke wrote to his little son this letter, which makes us doubt the truth of all the cruel things that were said about him, and leads us to believe in his loyalty and goodness.

My dear and only well-beloved son, I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the maker of all the world, to bless you and to send you ever grace to love Him.

* * * * * *

Next Him, above all earthly things, to be a true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the King, our high and dread Sovereign lord.

* * * * * *

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear

son, always as ye be bounden by the commandments of God to do, to love and worship your lady and mother; and also that ye alway obey her commandments and believe her counsels.

* * * * * *

And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

* * * * * *

Written of mine hand,
The day of my departing fro this land.

Your true and loving father,

SUFFOLK.

April, 1450, 28 H. VI.

No doubt the little boy carried the letter with pride to his "lady and mother" to read. How glad she must have been to explain the meaning of the long words and to talk with him about his good father. They did not know then that it was the duke's last letter. He sailed for a French port, Calais, but before the end of his journey he was overtaken by his enemies and cruelly murdered.

Letters to
PHILIP AND ROBERT SIDNEY
from
THEIR FATHER

In a book of old letters, written centuries ago, are these words: —

"Sir Henry Sidney, to his son Philip Sidney, at school at Shrewsbury, 1566. Ninth year of Elizabeth, [Philip] then being twelve years old."

Perhaps that will serve to introduce the writer to us and the boy Philip also, but in order to know something of the school at Shrewsbury, of Philip's studies and his father's ambitions for him, we must read the letter.

Sir Henry fills many pages with good advice and we shall see, after reading a part of his long letter, that a great deal was expected of boys of twelve in the sixteenth century.

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in good stead in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And as this is the first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it will be all empty of some good advices.

Use moderate diet, so as after your meat you may find yourself fresher, and not duller, and your body

more lively and not more heavy. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril to your joints and bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath.

Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you be most merry.

Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty. And let it not satisfy you, that for a time hearers take it for truth, for after it will be known as it is to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.

Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you, but if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourisheth anything, the weak stomach of your capacity, I will as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with stronger food.

Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

Sir Henry's younger son, Robert, received many letters from his father when he too went to school, in 1578. These letters, and all others written at this time, were sent by special messengers, for it was not until 1581 that posts came into use in England.[1]

[1] The system of posts came into use in England about the beginning of the fifteenth century. Before that time letters were carried by

Robin, Your several letters of the 17th of September, and the 9th of November I have received, but that sent by Carolus Clusius I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more or can be more to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from and of you.

I find by Harry White that all your money is gone, which with some wonder displeaseth me. If you cannot frame your charges according to that proportion I have appointed you, I must and will send for you home. I have sent order to Mr. Lanquet for one hundred pounds, for you, which is twenty pounds more than I promised you, and this I book and order, that it shall serve you till the last of March, 1580.

Assure yourself I will not enlarge one groat, therefore look well to your charges. Write to me monthly

runners, carrier pigeons, or accommodating travelers, and the new method was considered a great improvement. Men on horseback were stationed or posted, at regular intervals of a day's journey, on the road between cities. These roads were called post roads, and were kept in better order than the other roads, so that the mail should not be delayed through accident.

The letters were handed from one messenger to another until they reached the people to whom they were addressed. The words post man, post box, post office, and post card all come from this old-time way of carrying the mail.

and of your charges particularly, and either in Latin or French.

Farewell. If you will follow my command you shall be my sweet boy.

From Baynard's Castle, in London, this 25th of March, 1578.

YOUR LOVING FATHER.

A very few years after this, "Robin," then the Earl of Leicester, although barely nineteen years old, commanded an expedition against Spain. His brother, Sir Philip Sidney, died on the battle-field after an engagement.

A story is told of him that when mortally wounded he asked for a drink. As he raised the bottle to his lips he caught the wistful gaze of a dying soldier, to whom he handed the bottle, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

It is said that Sir Philip Sidney was the man most loved in England at that time, for his goodness and rare talents. One of his admirers said of him, "He approached more nearly to the ideal of a perfect man as well as a perfect knight than any character of any other age or nation."

Letters to
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
and
HIS REPLIES

In his autobiography Hans Christian Andersen says: "My life is a pretty tale, equally rich and fortunate. If when as a boy I went forth alone and poor into the world, a powerful fairy had met me and said to me, 'Choose thy career and thy goal and I will protect thee and lead thee onward,' . . . my fate could not have been ordered more happily, sensibly, and prosperously. The story of my life will tell the world what it has told to me — that there is a loving God who orders all things for the best."

We can scarcely believe that the writer of these words was one who had suffered trials and disappointments, enough to sour and discourage the bravest heart. But Hans Christian Andersen had "a knack at hoping" that carried him safely over the hard places in his life.

His career, which began in a very humble way, ended amid almost universal praise and honor. The poor, lonely boy who wandered unknown through the streets of Copenhagen in search of work, lived to enjoy the personal friendship of his king, Christian VIII, and to have his name a household word in many lands. One of the most gratifying facts of his life was that his stories were so widely read. He once said of them, "A lucky star presides over my writings — they fly far and wide."

On his seventieth birthday he was presented with a volume containing one of his tales in fifteen languages.

Hans Andersen had many friends that he never saw, friends that he grew to know and love through correspondence.

One day among the letters on his desk was an envelope addressed in a childish hand and postmarked Scotland. It was from Mary Livingstone, daughter of Dr. David Livingstone, the explorer of Africa. The note she wrote to Andersen was very simple, but he felt the sincerity of her frank words and took her straightway into his affections.

For many years they corresponded, this little Scotch girl and the great and good writer of fairy tales. Here are some of their letters: —

ULRA COTTAGE, HAMILTON,
Scotland, 1st Jan., 1869.

Dear Hans Andersen, — I do like your fairy tales so much that I would like to go and see you, but I cannot do that, so I thought I would write to you. When papa comes from Africa, I will ask him to take me to see you. My favorite stories in one book are, "The Goloshes of Fortune," "The Snow Queen," and some others. My papa's name is Dr. Livingstone. I am sending my card and papa's autograph.

I will say good-by to you and a happy New Year. I am your affectionate little friend,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

The letter that Hans Andersen wrote in answer to Mary's is missing, but Mary's next letter shows that he did answer the first one in a very kind and thoughtful way.

Ulra Cottage, Hamilton,
Scotland, 20th Oct., 1869.

My dear Hans C. Andersen, — I was delighted to get your letter; and when I got your card I looked at it and thought that I had got acquainted with a gentlemen whom I would like very much. I thank you very much for the Translation, for without it I could not understand your letter and then I would not have been able to answer any of the questions you asked me.

We got news twice about papa but none of them were true. But last Friday our station-master, who knows us, came up with a paper that had news, the good news, and oh! we were so delighted.

I saw the story of "Vaenöe and Glanöe." I thought it very pretty and I hope you will write some more. The first that I ever read was "Maja," or "Little Thumb."

Thomas and Oswell, my brothers, and Agnes, my sister, are quite well. Only my mamma is dead and I have two aunts, Janet and Agnes Livingstone, with whom my home is. It is a very nice home. I once had a Grandmamma Livingstone, but she is dead now.

With my best love to all at your home, I remain your most affectionate little friend,

Anna Mary Livingstone.

BASNÄS, NEAR LAKE JELSKÖR, DENMARK,
May, 1871.

My dear little Friend, — Thanks for the charming letter which you sent me a short time ago.

Here in Denmark we often speak of your dear papa and his travels in Africa.

Recently I read in a newspaper that he had left there and was on his way back to Europe. Hurrah! That would be indeed splendid. The dear God never forsakes good people who live in Him and produce good works. What a joy for the family, what a festival for the whole country it will be when the dear energetic father whom we all value and honor returns to England! Then when he has well kissed his little Mary, conversed with her and told her everything, remember me to him and greet him kindly for me, him over whom God has stretched His protecting hand to the delight and instruction of us all.

Now I am in the country, close by the seacoast, and am staying at an ancient castle with a high tower. The garden runs down to the seashore and stretches away to the beech woods, which are now splendidly fresh and green. The whole ground of the forest is like a carpet strewn with violets and anemones. The wood doves are cooing, and the cuckoo's note is heard. Here I shall certainly write a new story which my little friend will afterward be

able to read. When papa comes then I shall probably have a letter from his dear little Mary ?

Now may you be well and merry. You will not forget the friend in Denmark.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

In the following letters we hear something of Stanley, that brave man who went in search of Dr. Livingstone.

Probably we all know the story of the meeting between these two men in the African jungle. With that in mind it is interesting to read what Mary Livingstone wrote about Stanley's visit to their home.

ULRA COTTAGE, HAMILTON,
23d November, 1872.

My dearest H. Andersen, — I meant to have written to you long ago and sent you a green stone for that you lost ; but I never could get time. First my brother Thomas took very ill with pleurisy, eleven weeks from to-day and this is the first day he has been downstairs. Then we had Mr. Stanley. He came to stay with the Provost of Hamilton, Mr. Dykes, and to lecture here. He was presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Hamilton. My sister Agnes and one of my aunts and I were introduced to him on the platform, amid loud cheers.

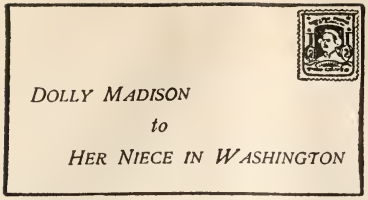
He came in the afternoon to our house and then went to the banquet in the town hall. In the evening he delivered a very interesting lecture. Next day

we took him to see the palace, and then he went away. I was very sorry when he went. I like him so much. When I was in Iona a Highland relation of ours gave me a whole sovereign. Agnes and Thomas and Oswell and I bought a beautiful gold locket for Mr. Stanley and had his intitals put on it, and inside is papa on one side and on the other his four children in recognition of his finding papa. So I gave ten shillings for this locket and as I heard that there had been dreadful floods in Denmark, I willingly give the other ten shillings for the relief of the people.

I should like so to get a letter from you when you have time. I shall now close. So I am, dear Hans Andersen, your ever affectionate young friend,

ANNA MARY LIVINGSTONE.

P.S. I love you so much — dear — dear Hans Andersen.



Dolly Madison to Her Niece in Washington

When "Dolly" Madison, wife of President Madison, became the "first lady in the land," she was famed for her beauty and her gracious courtly manners. When she left Washington after the War of 1812 she was famed for her bravery as well.

Many of us remember the story of that exciting day when the people in the White House were wakened by the sound of the British guns. The President was absent, consulting with his generals. "Dolly" was advised to leave at once. Instead of thinking of her own personal belongings, she thought only of her country's loss, if the enemy should burn the "White House." She hastily gathered together some state papers, and, running to the parlor, took down the portrait of Washington painted by the famous artist Stuart. Finding that it was too large and heavy for her to carry, she cut the canvas from the frame, rolled it, and so took it to a place of safety.

In the State Department at Washington one may see the small red leather trunk in which the papers were carried, that eventful day. The portrait of Washington still hangs in the White House.

Mrs. Madison wrote delightful letters, but unfortunately she wrote seldom to children. Mary Cutts, her niece and namesake, was almost her only youthful correspondent.

This letter written from Montpelier shows that the writer's interest in fashions and society did not lessen when she lived in her quiet country home.

MONTPELIER, July 30, 1826.

Your letter, my dearest niece, with the one before it, came quite safely for which I return many thanks and kisses. I rejoice too, dear Dolly, to see how well you write and express yourself, and am as proud of all your acquirements as if you were my own daughter.

I trust you will yet be with me this summer when I shall see your improvement in person also, and enjoy the sweet assurance of your affection.

If I were in Washington with you, I know I could not conform to the formal rules of visiting they now have, but would disgrace myself by rushing about among my friends at all hours. Here I find it most agreeable to stay at home, everything is so beautiful. Our garden promises grapes and figs in abundance, but I shall not enjoy them unless your Mamma comes and brings you to help us with them; tell the boys they must come too.

Adieu and believe me always your tender aunt.

DOLLY P. MADISON.

P.S. We are very old-fashioned here. Can you send me a paper pattern of the present sleeve and describe the width of dress and waist? Also, how turbans are pinned up and bonnets worn, as well as how to behave in fashion?

Abraham Lincoln to A Little Stranger

This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln before he became President of the United States. At that time, only six months before Fort Sumter fell, Lincoln was busy trying to solve the gravest problems. Every day was crowded with exciting events, and with "head, heart, and hand" he worked to save his beloved country.

One morning, among the mass of important correspondence that he found on his desk, was a letter from a little girl.

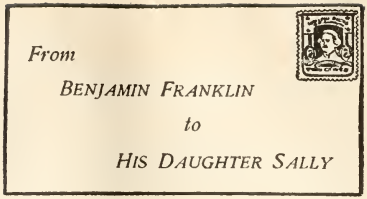
Many people would think it unnecessary to reply to such a note, but Lincoln proved his great love for children by sending this answer: —

Springfield, Illinois, October 19, 1860.

Miss Grace Bedell,

My dear little Miss, — Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons — one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now?

Soon after Lincoln went to Washington he wore a beard, so perhaps he followed the suggestion of the little girl after all.



"I have a thousand times wished you with me and my little Sally, with her ready hands and feet to do and go and come and get what I wanted," wrote Benjamin Franklin to his wife, one day. Evidently the helpful little girl was a great favorite with her father, for he refers to her often in his letters.

Franklin when abroad on important business showed his thought of her in many pleasant ways. From time to time he sent home boxes of useful and beautiful things, and usually there was something marked especially for his pet Sally.

Once, when sending such a box he wrote: —

I have sent a petticoat of brocaded lutestring for my dear Sally, with two dozen gloves, four bottles of lavender water and two little reels. The reels are to screw on the edge of the table when she would wind silk or thread. The skein is to be put over them and winds better than if held in two hands.

Perhaps the father was afraid that the gorgeous petticoat might turn her head, for he writes again, more seriously: —

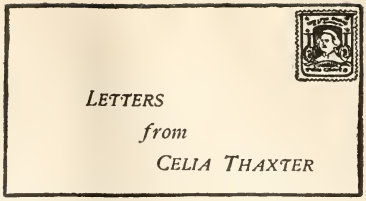
I hope Sally applies herself closely to her French and music and that I shall find she has made great proficiency. Sally's last letter to her brother is the best wrote that of late I have seen of hers. I only

wish she was a little more careful of her spelling. I hope she continues to love going to Church and would have her read over again the "Whole Duty of Man" and the "Lady's Library."

One letter that Franklin wrote to Sally, we have found and we quote from it. It is interesting, for it shows what he thought of our national emblem, the eagle, when it was first adopted by the Society of the Cincinnati in 1783.

For my own part I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him.

With all this injustice he is never in good case; but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor; . . . Besides he is a rank coward; the little kingbird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is therefore no proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America who have driven all the kingbirds from our country.



"All the pictures over which I dream are set in this framework of the sea," wrote Celia Thaxter from the island home where she spent so many years of her life.

As a child she went to live there, and later, when she was free to choose between the fields and woods of the mainland and the steep gray rocks, she chose to live "by the deep sea."

The childhood of Celia Thaxter was a happy one. The little princess in her necklace and bracelets of sea shells made friends with every living thing that found a home on the island.

"I remember," she says, "in the spring, kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Better than a shop full of toys they were to me! Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet, refreshing tint from the brown earth or the limpid air or the white light? Chemistry was not at hand to answer me and all her wisdom would not have dispelled the wonder. Later, the little scarlet pimpernel charmed me. It seemed more than a flower; it was a human thing. I knew it by its homely name of 'poor man's weather glass.' It was so much wiser than I, for when the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its small red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come. How could it know so much?"

Celia Thaxter's love of nature was not merely a childish affection; it was something that lasted all through her life.

She stored away in her memory such "a wealth of sound and sight" that when she began to write she was able to teach others to see and hear the beauty and music in nature. One may truly say of her poems, "Here are flowers and songs of birds, beauty and fragrance." And her letters breathe the same lovely spirit.

My darling little Nan, — Would you like, some day when you have a little time, to go along the river-bank with a piece of paper or something and gather me some harebell seeds? If you could and would, I should be so very glad, for I want to get the dear lovely bells to grow here, by our river, as well as by yours, and I am afraid the roots I brought all the way from Newburyport and set out here will not live. If I had some seeds, I would plant them this fall and I think they'd come up in the spring.

* * * * * *

We have a dear little baby named Richard and a little girl named May Dana here, and their mother. The baby was born in Utah, and rode all the way from the Rocky Mountains to Massachusetts in an ambulance, across the plains, when he was five months old, in August.

One night there was a dreadful storm (they had made a tent-house for themselves every night), and the rain and wind were so frightful they tore down the tent-house, and drenched all their clothes and all their beds, and everything they had. And then they were

exposed to the merciless storm till morning, not a dry rag to put on, or a dry place to put baby, and the big hailstones beating them till he cried with the pain of them. Wasn't that cruel? Think of little Anson exposed to such a dreadful storm. But it was beautiful, pleasant days, traveling, for the ground was covered with such lovely flowers, verbenas, petunias, gladiolus, mats of crimson and scarlet portulaca, all sorts of lovely garden flowers, growing wild, and wonderful kinds of cactus, etc.

But poor little Richard and May like wooden houses better than tents and living here with their little cousins better than being rattled along by the trains of mules and troops of men, day after day, through the sunshine and rain.

* * * * * *

Do write to me, Nan darling, and send me the seeds if you can.

This letter was written several years later, to Anson — Nan's brother.

You know, my dear Anson, how much hasty pudding must be made in a family of growing boys and how many vile old trousers and shirts and duds have to be darned in more senses than one, by the mother of a family. So I hope you'll be charitable—for I've been loving you just as much all the time as if I had

written a volume. Well, how do you do this beautiful weather, you dear thing? Isn't it beautiful to have real hot summer days at last? How are all the gold robins (Baltimore oriole) and sparrows, and catbirds, and blackbirds, and ringbirds, and hummingbirds and things?

* * * * * *

We had a wind that was like a hurricane of the desert, the other day, hot and strong and long. A little chipping sparrow had built her dainty nest in the cherry-tree outside my western chamber window, within reach of my hand, and as I sat there sewing, I could watch her going and coming and it was more lovely than tongue can tell. Well, this preposterous gale blew and blew and blew till the cows came home, and blew all night besides, as if its only earthly aim and object was to destroy every living thing in its way. It blew the dear little nest with its pretty blue eggs clean away out of sight; we found the remains in the hedge next day. And a dear purple finch's nest shares the same fate. The finches had built in a little cedar by the fence. I was so sorry. Lots of nests were blown away, all about. I hope gold robin held fast to the elm-tree, down at Gammur's, if that senseless wind went tearing and roaring to Newburyport, as I suppose it did. Did the yellow bird build in the currant bushes? I am so anxious to

know! When I went over to Amesbury that day I left you, a ruby-throated humming bird was fluttering among Mr. Whittier's pear-trees all day. I wondered if he were the same one you and mamma and I watched that heavenly afternoon before, when we sat by the pleasant open window, with the daffys underneath, and the birds going and coming.

Mr. Thaxter and Lony have been gone three days, and I milk the cow and she is tied to an apple-tree, and what do you think she does? She's as frisky as a kitten, so all the time I'm milking she goes round and round the tree and I after her and it's a spectacle enough to kill the cats it's so ridiculous.

* * * * * *

I've just got through wrestling with the dragon of housecleaning and have suceeeded in felling him to earth.

A Great Actor to His Daughter

It is one thing to read of Edwin Booth, the famous actor, and to hear people tell of his wonderful acting. It is quite another thing to picture him, his stage costume laid aside, talking with his little daughter. This we may do if we read the letters that he wrote to her.

Edwina was sent to school when very young, for her father was absent from home a great deal, and after her mother's death there was no one to care for their little girl.

Booth wrote to her often. Sometimes serious letters about her studies, her manners, and her health, but usually his letters were full of fun. They were just the sort of letters that a lonely child would like to receive when away from home. How glad we are that she kept some of them for us to enjoy.

PHILADELPHIA, October 24th, 1867.

My beloved Daughter,—I'll try my best to write plain for your special benefit. But you see old pop is so very nervous and full of business that he can't hold the pen steady enough to form the letters correctly. You see that little picture in the corner, at the top? That is styled a monogram which your teacher will describe to you, if you ask her the meaning thereof, better than I can do in the course of a letter of so

much importance as the present one. It is a combination of my two initials, E and B. I dare say you can guess what they stand for. 'Twould serve for your letters likewise, would it not? In three weeks we will be in New York, that will be near Christmas, too, at which time I suppose Edwina will be coming home for a holiday to eat plum pudding with her little pa. *N'est-ce-pas?* That's a French pun which your French teacher must explain — it's too hard for me. . . .

Write good long letters and try to write them without the help of your teacher or any one; you must learn to compose as well as to write your letters, and you can do it very nicely. God bless you, my darling!

YOUR LOVING PAPA.

CHICAGO, March 2d, 1873.

My dear, big Daughter: Your last letter was very jolly and made me most happy. Pip (the dog) is yelping to write to you and so is your little brother, and St. Valentine, the bird; but I greatly fear they will have to wait another week, for you know, I have to hold the pen for them and I have written so many letters and to-day my hand is tired. Don't you think it jollier to receive silly letters sometimes than to get a repetition of sermons in good behavior? It is because I desire to encourage you in a vein of pleas-

antry which is most desirable in one's correspondence as well as in conversation that I put aside the stern old father and play papa now and then.

When I was learning to act tragedy, I had frequently to perform comic parts in order to acquire a certain ease of manner, that my serious parts might not appear too stilted; so you must endeavor in your letters, in your conversation, and your general deportment to be easy and natural, graceful and dignified. But remember that dignity does not consist of overbecoming pride and haughtiness; self-respect, politeness, and gentleness in all things and to all persons will give you sufficient dignity.

Well, I declare I've dropped into a sermon after all, haven't I? I'm afraid I'll have to let Pip and the bird have a chance or else I'll go on preaching till the end of my letter. You must tell me what you are reading now and how you progress in your studies and how good you are trying to be. Of that I have no fear. . . .

Love and kisses from your grim old

FATHER.

At the top of this letter Booth drew a small figure of a canary bird.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,
Feb. 14th, 1874.

Tweet, tweet, how d'y do? May be you don't know

me. I'm Val: papa calls me Tiny for short, 'cause I'm short. I'm a bir-r-r-r-d — a Ka-noory bir-r-r-r-r-d; and I'm yaller with dark spots here and there; I forget just where 'cause I ain't got no looking-glass, but I've heard 'em say, I've got dark spots, and so I've heard too, has the sun and the sun's yaller too, ain't it? I have the nicest seed you ever seed! Papa whistles to me. Tweet, tweet, I'm a jolly little boy and my name's St. Valentine. Perhaps you don't know I'm your brother? Yes, I am and Pip is my other sister — so are you. My otherest one. I don't like Pip. She's a dorg and she snarls and wakes me up and sits on her hind legs and think she looks like me cause she's got a dark spot all over her body and has a few dirty kind of yallerish spots on her feet and things; but she ain't, she's a dorg and I'm a bir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-d, Tweet, Tweet, Tweet,

Good-bye.

LOUISVILLE, March 12th, 1876.

. . . I must tell you of our ride from Mammoth Cave, that "big hole in the ground." I shall try to relate the wonders I heard in the cavern, and describe our jog over the stones, through the forest. Our guide was a bright young colored chap who produced by his imitation of dogs, cows, etc., some fine effects of ventriloquism on our way through the cave. In pointing

out to us a huge stone shaped like a coffin he would remark; "Dis is de giant's coff-in," then taking us to the other dilapidated side of it; "Dis is what he coughed out." Then we reached what they call down there "The Altar," where some foolish folk were married, once upon a time. "De young lady swore she nebber would marry any man on the face ob the earth, so she came down yer and got married under de face ob de earth. 'Spec she wanted materomony inter de groun'." Then he would cry out, "Hi! John!" and we could hear the echo, as we thought, far, far away, then he would strike the ground with his staff and we could hear a loud reverberating sound as tho' all beneath were hollow, though when any of us tried it no sound would come. He had finally to own up that he was both cause and effect. Frequently we found in different chambers in the cave, crystallizations hanging from the rocky ceiling called "Stalactites," and others rising from the ground directly beneath them reaching up and often joining the ones from above and forming a solid pillar from the floor to roof; these latter are called "Stalagmites." William, our guide (very serious all the time), remarked that "De upper ones was called stalac-tite 'cause dey stick tight to de roof and de odder ones stalag-mite, 'cause dey might reach the upper ones and den again they mightn't." A facetious and comical darkey, truly!

One of their columns or pillars had a sort of knob on it shaped like a fat dumpling face which is named here "Lot's wife." William said, "And she hasn't done poutin' about it yet." So we went laughing at his weak jokes. . . . Do not be discouraged because you find your knowledge less as you grow older; it will be so until you give up the great riddle of life and cease to guess at it tho' you live to the age of Methuselah. I have only just discovered that I know infinitely less than nothing. So do all at forty unless they are fools. We all must live and learn, or loaf and lose (that word "loaf" however is a vulgarism, used here only for the sake of alliteration; do not use it). You know I have acted Hamlet for many years and many hundred times. Well, I am just learning many things that are hidden all this while in the obscurity of its wonderful depths of thought: so when you are 365 years old you will give up guessing "what it's all about, anyhow." As for what you say about your not being patient when sick. Why are not all patients sick and all sick people patients?

BALTIMORE, February 14th, 1875.

Dearest little daughter mine
This being the silly rhymester's season,
So I think a sufficient reason
For me to jingle you a line;

Nor can "Superior" think it treason
Surely 'tis no fault of thine
If papa plays "St. Valentine."

I won't run in rhapsody
Setting your noddle in a whirl
By styling you my "precious pearl,"
But like a plain "old nobody"
Just say, I love my little girl
Without regard to prosody
And thus defy all parody.

For none can find in such a line
(Although my jingles are so crude)
For ridicule one grain of food.
Though they may laugh at my poor rhyme
Well, let them laugh; while she is good
My little daughter shall be mine
And I'll be her "Old Valentine."

General Lee to His Little Girls

Robert E. Lee was a soldier even before he graduated from West Point. It is safe to say that he was born a soldier, for he inherited the love of military life from his father, the famous general of the Revolution, known as "Light Horse Harry."

Bravery was a quality that always went with the name of Lee, and Robert E. Lee had it in full measure. He was three times brevetted for gallantry.

General Lee had a houseful of happy boys and girls. With them he was not a stern soldier, but instead their best friend and playmate. He taught his children to be kind to all animals and they were never without some pet dog or cat. His own favorite was "Traveler," a beautiful horse that he rode in the war.

Soon after the Mexican War, while the army was still in camp, Lee wrote this letter to his daughter Agnes. Annie, who is mentioned in the letter, was her sister.

City of Mexico,
February 12th, 1848.

My dear little Agnes, — I was delighted to receive your letter, and to find that you could write so well. But how could you say that I had not written to you? Did I not write to you and Annie? I suppose you want a letter all to yourself, so here is one. I am very anxious to see you again and to know how you

progress in your studies. You must be quite learned studying so many branches, and I suppose are becoming quite a philosopher. There is a nice little girl here, rather smaller than you were when I parted from you, named Charlottita, which means little Charlotte, who is a great favorite of mine. Her mother is a French lady and her father an Englishman. She is quite fair, with blue eyes and long dark lashes, and has her hair plaited down her back. She cannot speak English, but has a very nimble little tongue and jabbers French at me. Last Sunday she and her elder sister came to the palace to see me, and I carried them into the garden I told you of, and got them some flowers. Afterwards I took them to see the Governor, General Smith, and showed them the rooms in the palace, some of which are very large, with pictures, mirrors, and chandeliers. One room, called the reception room, is very richly furnished. The curtains are of crimson velvet with gilt mountings, and the walls are covered with crimson tapestry. The ceiling is ornamented with gilt figures, and the chairs are covered with crimson velvet. At one end of the room there is a kind of throne, with a crimson velvet canopy, suspended from a gilt coronet on which is perched the Mexican eagle on a gilt cactus, holding a snake in his mouth. It was on this dais and under this canopy that President Santa Anna

used to receive his company on great occasions. Church is held in this room now every Sunday. Santa Anna's large armchair is brought forward to the front of the dais before which is placed a small desk where Mr. McCarty, our Chaplain, reads the Episcopal Service and preaches a sermon, General Scott and the officers and those soldiers that wish to attend, sitting below him. After showing Charlottita and her sister Isabel all these things, she said she wished to go to her Mamarita, which means little Mamma, so I carried her out of the palace and she gave me some very sweet kisses and bade me adieu. She is always dressed very nicely when I see her and keeps her clothes very clean; I hope my little girls keep theirs just as nice, for I know I cannot bear dirty children. You must, therefore, study hard and be a very nice girl and do not forget your papa who thinks constantly of you and longs to see you more than he can express. Take good care of Mildred and tell her how much her Papa wants to see her. I do not see any little children here like her. Write to me soon and believe me always your affectionate father,

R. E. Lee.

The following letters were written to Mildred, Lee's youngest daughter : —

Camp, 28th April, 1856.

My dear little Daughter, — I was much pleased to

receive your letter. I did not know that you could write so well. I think in time when you get more accustomed to spelling in writing you will write a beautiful letter, and Minnie Sprole and I will have delightful times reading them. I am very glad to hear that your hens are doing so well. You must have plenty of eggs, chickens, and ducks for Rob and the children when they come home this summer. You know your brother Fitzhugh has a magnificent appetite, and those girls from Staunton never see a chicken. I wish I had you here to take care of mine. I brought them many hundred miles in a coop behind the wagon and every evening at the end of the day's march, would let them out and at night they would roost on top of the wagon. They laid several eggs on the road. I have only seven hens and some days I get seven eggs. Having no plank, I have been obliged to make them a house of twigs. I planted four posts in the ground and bored holes in each, three feet from the ground, in which I inserted poles for the floor, and around which were woven the branches that formed it. There are so many reptiles in this country that you cannot keep fowls on the ground. The sides and tops were formed in the same way, and the whole is covered with branches with their leaves on, which makes a shady house but furnishes little protection against rain. Soldier hens,

however, must learn not to mind rain. I converted the coop they came in into nests. They pick up so much corn among the horses that I do not have to feed them, and they seem quite domesticated. I have no cat, nor have I heard of one in this country. You will have to send me a kitten in your next letter. The Indians have none, as there are so many wolves prowling around that they frighten away all the mice. My rattlesnake, my only pet, is dead. He grew sick and would not eat his frogs, etc., and died one night. I hope you will have a nice garden and study hard and learn your lessons well. You must write to me whenever you can and believe me your

Affectionate father,

ROBERT E. LEE.

INDIANOLA, TEXAS, 22 March, 1857.

How can you say, My Precious Life, that I have not answered your letters? I cannot answer them before I receive them, but always do after. I was much gratified at finding on my arrival at San Antonio your two of the 4th Jan. and 13th Feb. They were very nice letters too, particularly the last. Well written and all the words correctly spelled. I think in time you will write beautiful letters. You must continue, therefore, to try and take pains. It has been said that our letters are good representatives of

our minds. If fair, correct, sensible, and clear; so may you expect to find the writers. They certainly present a good criterion for judging of the character of the individual. You must be careful that yours make a favorable impression of you, as I hope you will deserve. I am truly sorry for the destruction of the Long Bridge. It will be an injury to the business of many, and an inconvenience to you in taking your music lessons. I am very glad to hear of your interest and progress in music and hope your proficiency will keep pace with your labor. You must be a great personage now, sixty pounds! Enormous. I wish I had you here in all your ponderosity. I want to see you so much. Cannot you and dear Mary Childe pack yourselves in a carpet bag and come out to the Comanche country? I wish you would. I would get you such a fine cat you would never look at "Tomtita" again. Did I tell you "Jim Nooks," Mrs. Waite's cat, was dead? Died of apoplexy. I foretold his end. Coffee and cream for breakfast, pound cake for lunch, turtle and oysters for dinner, buttered toast for tea, and Mexican rats, taken raw, for his supper. Cat nature could not stand so much luxury. He grew enormously and ended in a spasm. His beauty could not save him. I saw in San Antonio a cat dressed up for company. He had two holes bored in each ear, and in each were two bows

of pink and blue ribbon. His round face set in pink and blue looked like a full blooming ivy bush. He was snow-white, and wore the golden fetters of his inamorata around his neck, in the form of a collar. His tail and feet were tipped with black, and his eyes of green and stealthy pace, were truly cat-like! But I saw "cats as is cats" in Savannah. While the stage was changing mules, I stepped around to see Mr. and Mrs. Monod, a French couple, with whom I had passed a night when I landed in Texas in 1846, to join General Wool's army. Mr. Monod received me with all the shrugs and grimaces of his nation, and the entrance of Madame was foreshadowed by her stately cats, with visage grave and tails erect, who preceded, surrounded, and followed in her wake. Her present favorite Sodoiska, a large mottled gray, was a magnificent creature, and in her train she pointed out Aglai, her favorite eleven years ago when I first visited her. They are of French breed and education, and when the claret and water was poured out for my refreshment they jumped on the table for a sip too. If I can persuade the mail stage to give a place to one of that distinguished family, I will take one to Camp Cooper, provided Madame can trust her pet into such a barbarous country and Indian society. I left that wild cat on the Rio Grande. He was too savage. Had grown as large as a small-sized dog.

Had to be caged, and would strike at everything that came within his reach. His cage had to be strong and consequently heavy, and I could not bring it. He would pounce upon a kid as "Tomtita" would on a mouse, and would whistle like a tiger when you approach him. Give much love to Mary Childe when she comes and tell her I love her dearly. Be a good child and think always of your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

A Few Letters from Henry W. Longfellow

"Where are your dolls?" said Longfellow to a shy little girl, one day. "I want you to show me your dolls, not the fine ones you keep for company, but those you love best and play with every day."

No wonder that children felt at home with the poet and loved him too, for his heart went out to every little child that he met. The silence of Longfellow's study was often broken by the shout and laughter of the children at play. We are quite sure that they did not always wait to be admitted until their special hour "between the dark and the daylight."

Sometimes the poet wrote to his friends about his little girls. Here is an extract from a letter to Charles Sumner: —

Two little girls are playing about the room; A. counting with great noise the brass handles on my secretary, nine, eight, five, one, and E. insisting upon having some paper box long promised but never found, and informing me that I am not a man of my word.

In another letter he wrote: —

My little girls are flitting about my study as blithe as two birds. They are preparing to celebrate the birthday of one of their dolls. . . . E. occu-

pies her leisure in a correspondence with me. Her post-office is under her pillow where she expects to find a letter in the morning.

Before we read the letters that the poet wrote to children, perhaps we shall find it interesting to see how he wrote when he himself was a child, seven years old.

In a letter of January 13, 1814, to her husband, then attending the General Court in Boston, his mother sends this message from Henry: —

Oh, tell papa I am writing at school, a, b, c, and send my love to him and I hope he will bring me a drum.

"Not content with sending the message, he was eager to use his new accomplishment and soon with patient labor he constructed with his own hand the following letter, the first he ever wrote — who was to write so many": —

PORTLAND, Jan. 1814.

Dear Papa, — Ann wants a little Bible like Betsy's. Will you please buy her one if you can find any in Boston? I have been to school all the week and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday. I wish you to buy me a drum.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It is pleasant to find him thinking of his sister's Bible before his own drum. To the boy's letter the father replied: —

I have found a very pretty drum with an eagle

painted on it but the man asks two dollars for it. They do not let any vessels go from Boston to Portland now. But if I can find any opportunity to send it down I shall buy it, and if I cannot I shall buy something which will please you as well. I am glad that you have been a good boy at school and are likely to get a billet. If I can get time I will write to you and Stephen another letter and tell you about the state-house and the theater and other things that are in Boston.

We hope that little Henry did not wait long for his drum and that he received the much-coveted billet at school.

In "The Children's Hour," Longfellow describes his three daughters and tells us their names: "Grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair." This letter tells us more about the little girls and of a happy summer they spent at the seashore: —

To Emily A.

Nahant, August 18, 1859.

Your letter followed me down here by the seaside where I am passing the summer with my three little girls. The oldest is about your age; but as little girls' ages keep changing every year, I can never remember exactly how old she is and have to ask her Mamma who has a better memory than I have. Her name is Alice, I never forget that. She is a nice girl and loves poetry about as much as you do. The second

is Edith with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks which I sometimes call her "Nankeen hair" to make her laugh. She is a very busy little woman and wears gray boots. The youngest is Allegra; which you know means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw — always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture which I hope you will see some day. They bathe in the sea and dig in the sand and patter about the piazza all day long and sometimes go to see the Indians encamped on the shore and buy baskets and bows and arrows. I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

And now, dear Miss Emily, give my love to your papa and good-night with a kiss from his friend and yours.

Longfellow responded most generously to the many requests for his autograph although he usually gave only his name and the date. One little girl was made especially happy by receiving these lines from the poet: —

She who comes to me and pleadeth
In the gentle name of Edith
Will surely get that which she wanted.
Edith means the blessed; therefore

Whatsoever she doth care for
Shall if best for her be granted.

How amused Longfellow must have been to receive this request from a little boy. "Please send me your autograph in your own handwriting."

Florence A., to whom the following letter is written, evidently asked for more than a mere autograph.

To Florence A.

November 20, 1871.

I have put off answering your nice little note from day to day; but as you see I have not forgotten it. I have been hoping all along that some lines of poetry such as you ask for would come into my mind. But they would not and so I have to write you in prose, not to keep you waiting any longer. If you will ask your papa who knows all about it he will tell you that good poems do not always come to one's mind when wanted. Verses — yes, one can write those at any time; but real poetry, that is another matter. I think good prose is better than bad verse. I do not say than bad poetry, because when it is bad, it is no longer poetry.

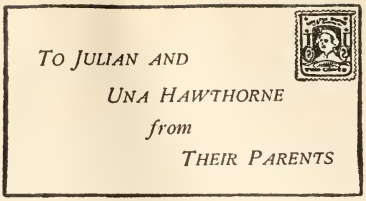
And so I send you this little note instead of a little song and with it good wishes for your birthday and kind remembrances for your father.

This next letter is probably the last that Longfellow wrote, as it is dated just a few days before his death : —

To Bessie M.

March 16th, 1882.

My dear Miss Bessie, — I thank you very much for that poem you wrote me on my birthday, a copy of which your father sent me. It was very sweet and simple and does you great credit. I do not think there are many girls of your age who can write so well. I myself do not know of any. It was very good of you to remember my birthday at all and to have you remember it in so sweet a way is very pleasant and gratifying to me.



When the good genii of the sunbeams came into Hawthorne's study, he did not leave the troublesome gift of "The Golden Touch," but left instead the golden gift of writing.

Hawthorne wrote for grown people and also for children; something that few writers can do. He dearly loved children and spent much of his time with them. We read in his biography that he made them boats and kites; he took them fishing and flower-gathering. In the fall he delighted to plan nutting parties. What fun it was for Una and Julian and the others when he would have them stand under a big nut tree with their hands over their eyes, while he hinted that something wonderful was going to happen. For a few seconds they heard a sound of rustling and scrambling, and when the signal came to uncover their eyes, they found their father swaying far up on the topmost branches, playing the good fairy of the wood and raining nuts down upon them.

It is easy to picture the end of that happy day when the children would gather around their father to listen to his stories.

His endless supply of stories differed from the fairy tales in books. Night after night the same group sat around the fire, and night after night "father" had a new story to tell. The children did not know that Hawthorne was really trying an experiment. If he had failed, the boys and girls of to-day might not have had the "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," but happily he did not fail.

When Hawthorne was a boy, the names of Ceres, Pluto, Mer-

cury, or Ulysses were seldom heard in the nursery. To be sure, the fathers and mothers knew about these strange people of myths and legends, but it did not occur to them to tell the children of Jason's search for the Golden Fleece, nor to describe how Pluto carried away Proserpine in his chariot. It was left to Hawthorne to bring all those fascinating tales into the nursery and schoolroom. He once spoke of the stories in this way: —

"It is a wonder to me that they have not long ago been put into picture-books for little boys and girls. But instead of that, old gray-bearded grandsires pour over them in musty volumes of Greek and puzzle themselves with trying to find out when and how and for what they were made."

After publishing the "Wonder Book," Mr. Hawthorne received so many letters from children urging him to write more stories that he answered by giving the world "Tanglewood Tales."

Una was only four years old when her father wrote her the following letter. We can easily imagine the sort of letters she had sent him.

SALEM, June 7th, 1848.

My dear little Una, — I have been very much pleased with the letters which you have sent me; and I am glad to find that you do not forget me, for I think of you a great deal. I bring home a great many beautiful flowers, roses and poppies and lilies and harebells and pinks and many more besides, but it makes me feel sad to think that my little Una cannot see them. Your dolly wants to see you very much. She sits up in my study all day long, and has no one to talk with. I try to make her as comfortable as I can, but she

does not seem to be in very good spirits. She has been quite good, and has grown very pretty since you went away.

"It should perhaps be explained that the splendor of dolly's complexion was the result of Mr. Hawthorne's practice upon her with his wife's palette and brushes. He often used to amuse himself and the children by painting little faces for them."

Aunt Louisa and Dora are going to make her a new gown and a new bonnet. I hope you are a good little girl and are kind to your little brother. . . . You must not trouble Mamma but must do all you can to help her. . . . Do not you wish to come home and see me? I think we shall be very happy when you come, for I am sure you will be a good little girl. Good-by.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

Julian, who is mentioned in the next letter, was Una's brother.

LIVERPOOL, Mar. 19th, 1856.

My dearest Una, — In answer to your criss-crossed note, I write you a very few words and thank you very much for your kind and agreeable correspondence. You write very nice letters and Julian and I are always greatly interested in them. He cannot puzzle out the meaning of them by himself and I always have the pleasure of reading them over at least twice, first to myself and afterwards to him. . . .

Julian has lately got acquainted with a gentleman named Dr. Archer and with some nice little daughters of his. Dr. Archer is very fond of natural history and he has given Julian a good many shells and a little book describing them, so that Julian is growing more learned than ever about shells. He means to spend all his money in purchasing them.

Dr. Archer also shows him things through the microscope, and among other things, the wing of a fly, which looked as big as the wing of a goose.

Tell Rosebud that I love her very much. She is the best little girl in the world, is she not? Does she ever get out of humor? Tell her that I wish very much to know whether she always behaves prettily as a young lady ought. Is she kind to Nurse?

YOUR LOVING FATHER.

Here are two letters written by Mrs. Hawthorne to her son Julian, when he was with his father in Liverpool.

LISBON, PATE DE GERALDES,
October 26, 1885.

My darling boy, — Your letter delighted me extremely. It was very well expressed and spelt pretty well. I am sure you cannot help being happy with papa and I should think it would be a great encouragement to be good in his society. You must confide to him all your heart and life so as not to be shut up and

alone. You will find him ready to sympathize always with you and his wisdom and experience will help you to do and to judge rightly. We have not been very gay at the Pateo; but the other evening I went to the opera — and I saw a beautiful ballet. It was as beautiful as the pantomine you saw in Liverpool, "The Butterfly Ball," but different. It was all about flowers; each fairy was a flower; and the music was so wonderfully delicate and blossomy that I think we all felt as if we were flowers tossing in a soft wind. It was like audible flowers, summer breezes, and bird songs all blended together in a delicious bouquet of sound.

In a few days it will be a hundred years since the great earthquake in Lisbon and there is to be a centennial celebration. If anything is done worth describing I will write you about it. From the windows on the east side of this house we can see the deep valley that was made by the swallowing up of part of the city. It is now the modern part and built up very statetily with straight streets crossing each other on a plain while the rest of Lisbon is all up and down hill in a picturesque style but tiresome for walking. Goodnight; be good and God bless you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MAMMA.

P.S. When you see any spots on your clothes be sure and ask some one to wash them off for you.

I believe I have not told you that the late Imen Dona Maria II was so enormous in size that her body was entirely too large to go through the great door of the royal burial vault. Do you not hope that your little Mamma will not roll home to England in a spherical form? But no! I cannot grow stouter while you and papa are a thousand miles away from me. It is impossible to be jolly unless we are all together. Tell papa I wish he would send poor me a photograph of you and of himself. It would be such a solace. Good-by.

YOUR OWN MAMMA.

Story Letters from Lewis Carroll

In Wonderland there once lived a little boy named Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. To be sure, he lived with his father and mother and ten brothers and sisters on a beautiful farm in England, but so much of his playtime was spent in Wonderland, with Alice and the Duchess, that it is safe to say he lived there.

Although the Dodgson farm was far from people, the children were always happy. They invented their own games and made their own toys. Charles was a clever trickster, and he thrilled and amazed his brothers and sisters by his sleight of hand. With perhaps a little help from his sisters in the matter of costumes, he made a troupe of marionettes and a toy theater. He wrote all the plays himself, and no doubt many of the scenes were true pictures of life in Wonderland.

When Charles became a man, he took for his nom de plume [1] "Lewis Carroll."

[1] Nom de plume means "name of the pen." Writers often have a name that they use to sign their writings.

For instance, "Lewis Carroll" was only the pen name of Charles Dodgson.

When Dickens first began to write he signed his stories, "Boz," and Sir Walter Scott wrote for many years under the nom de plume of "Waverley."

Before steel pens were used, people wrote with quill pens, cut from goose quills. Often feathers were left on the handles, so it is easy to trace the meaning of the French word "plume" and understand that it means "pen."

Although he was a grave mathematician and wrote serious books, he had many child friends. He once said that the children he knew were three-fourths of his life.

"Tell us a story," pleaded three little girls one day when Lewis Carroll had taken them for a row on the river. The day was very warm, so they landed, and while resting in the cool shade of the trees, he told them the story of "Alice in Wonderland."

That was a fortunate excursion for us who love Alice, and we may think of the Fourth of July as being her birthday, for it was on that day that the story was told for the first time.

Grown people heard of it, and for the sake of children all over the world they begged Lewis Carroll to write the story. He did so, and in 1865 "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" was published.

One of the first letters that Lewis Carroll ever received was from his mother. He considered it very precious, and being afraid that the other children might tear or lose it, he wrote on the envelope, "No one is to touch this note. It belongs to C. L. D. Covered with slimy pitch, so that it will wet their fingers."

Lewis Carroll's letters are different from those that most people write.

Here is one that must have made the little friend to whom it was written glad of her long name: —

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
March 8, 1880.

My dear Ada, — (Isn't that your short name? Adelaide is all very well, but when one is dreadfully busy, one hasn't time to write such long words — particularly when it takes one-half an hour to remember how to spell it — and even then one has to go

and get a dictionary to see if one has spelt it right, and of course the dictionary is in another room, at the top of a high bookcase — where it has been for months and months, and has got all covered with dust — so one has to get a duster, first of all, and nearly choke oneself in dusting it, and when one has made out at last which is dictionary and which is dust, even then one has the job of remembering which end of the alphabet "a" comes, for one feels pretty certain it isn't in the middle. Then one has to go and wash one's hands before turning over the leaves, for they've got so thick with dust one hardly knows them by sight, and as likely as not the soap is lost and the jug is empty and there's no towel, and one has to spend hours and hours in finding things, and perhaps after all one has to go off to the shop to buy a new cake of soap; so with all this bother I do hope you won't mind my writing it short, and saying "My dear Ada.")

You said in your last letter that you would like a likeness of me; so here it is, and I hope you will like it. I won't forget to call the next time but one I'm in Wallington.

Your very affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

Lewis Carroll spent many summers at a seaside place in the Isle of Wight. It was there that he made friends with the little girl to whom this letter was written: —

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,
July 21, 1876.

My dear Gertrude, — Explain to me how I am to enjoy Sandown without you. How can I walk on the beach alone? How can I sit alone on those wooden steps? So you see, as I shan't be able to do without you, you will have to come. If Violet comes I shall tell her to invite you to stay with her, and then I shall come over in the *Heather Bell* to fetch you.

If I ever do come over, I see I couldn't go back the same day, so you will have to engage a bed for me somewhere in Swanage; and if you can't find one, I shall expect you to spend the night on the beach, and give up your room to me. Guests, of course, must be thought of before children; and I'm sure in these warm nights the beach will be quite good enough for you. If you did feel a little chilly, of course you could go into a bathing machine, which every one knows is very comfortable to sleep in, — you know they make the floor of soft wood on purpose. I send you seven kisses (to last a week) and remain,

Your loving friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

Lewis Carroll could scarcely write a letter without telling a story too. Here are some letters that he wrote to his little friends: —

My Dear Birdie, — I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said, "Why have you come here without Birdie?" So she said, "Birdie's gone! and Emily's gone! and Mabel isn't kind to me!" And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was all the time! It was your new doll. I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some vesta matches to eat, and a cup of nice melted wax to drink, for the poor little thing was very hungry and thirsty after her long walk. So I said, "Come and sit down by the fire, and let's have a comfortable chat." "Oh, no! no!" she said, "I'd much rather not. You know I do melt so very easily!" And she made me take her quite to the other side of the room, where it was very cold; and then she sat on my knee, and fanned herself with a penwiper, because she said she was afraid the end of her nose was beginning to melt.

"You've no idea how careful we have to be, we dolls," she said. "Why, there was a sister of mine, — would you believe it? — she went up to the fire to

warm her hands, and one of her hands dropped right off! There now!" "Of course it dropped right off," I said, "because it was the right hand." "And how do you know it was the right hand, Mister Carroll?" the doll said. So I said, "I think it must have been the right hand because the other hand was left."

The doll said, "I shan't laugh. It's a very bad joke. Why, even a common wooden doll could make a better joke than that. And besides, they've made my mouth so stiff and hard, that I can't laugh if I try ever so much!" "Don't be cross about it," I said, "but tell me this: I'm going to give Birdie and the other children one photograph each, whichever they choose; which do you think Birdie will choose?" "I don't know," said the doll; "you'd better ask her!" So I took her home in a hansom cab. . . . Your affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

7 LUSHINGTON ROAD, EASTBOURNE,
September 17, 1892.

Oh, you naughty, naughty little culprit! If only I could fly to Fulham with a handy little stick (ten feet long and four inches thick is my favorite size), how I would rap your wicked little knuckles. However, there isn't much harm done, so I will sentence you to a very mild punishment — only one

year's imprisonment. If you'll just tell the Fulham policeman about it, he'll manage all the rest for you, and he'll fit you with a nice pair of handcuffs, and lock you up in a nice cozy cell, and feed you on nice dry bread, and delicious cold water.

But how badly you do spell your words! I was so puzzled about the "sacks full of love and baskets full of kisses!" But at last I made out why, of course, you meant a "sack full of gloves, and a basket full of kittens!" Then I understood what you were sending me. And just then Mrs. Dyer came to tell me a large sack and a basket had come. There was such a miawing in the house, as if all the cats in Eastbourne had come to see me! "Oh, just open them, please, Mrs. Dyer, and count the things in them!"

So in a few minutes Mrs. Dyer came and said, "500 pairs of gloves in the sack and 250 kittens in the basket."

"Dear me! That makes 1000 gloves! Four times as many gloves as kittens! It's very kind of Maggie, but why did she send so many gloves? For I haven't got 1000 hands, you know, Mrs. Dyer."

And Mrs. Dyer said, "No, indeed, you're 998 hands short of that!"

However the next day I made out what to do, and I took the basket with me and walked off to the

parish school — the girls' school, you know — and I said to the mistress, "How many little girls are there at school to-day?"

"Exactly 250, sir."

"And have they all been very good all day?"

"As good as gold, sir."

So I waited outside the door with my basket, and as each little girl came out, I just popped a soft little kitten into her hands! Oh, what joy there was! The little girls went all dancing home, nursing their kittens, and the whole air was full of purring! Then, the next morning, I went to the school, before it opened, to ask the little girls how the kittens had behaved in the night. And they all arrived sobbing and crying, and their faces and hands were all covered with scratches, and they had the kittens wrapped up in their pinafores to keep them from scratching any more. And they sobbed out, "The kittens have been scratching us all night."

So then I said to myself, "What a nice little girl Maggie is. Now I see why she sent all those gloves, and why there are four times as many gloves as kittens!" and I said loud to the little girls, "Never mind, my dear children, do your lessons very nicely, and don't cry any more, and when school is over, you'll find me at the door, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So, in the evening, when the little girls came running out, with the kittens still wrapped up in their pinafores, there was I, at the door, with a big sack! And, as each little girl came out, I just popped into her hand two pairs of gloves! And each little girl unrolled her pinafore and took out an angry little kitten, spitting and snarling, with its claws sticking out like a hedgehog. But it hadn't time to scratch, for in a moment, it found all its four claws popped into nice soft warm gloves! And then the kittens got quite sweet-tempered and gentle, and began purring again!

So the little girls went dancing home again, and the next morning they came dancing back to school. The scratches were all healed, and they told me: "The kittens have been good!" And, when any kitten wants to catch a mouse, it just takes off one of its gloves; and if it wants to catch two mice, it takes off two gloves; and if it wants to catch three mice, it takes off three gloves; and if it wants to catch four mice, it takes off all its gloves. But the moment they've caught the mice they pop their gloves on again, because they know we can't love them without their gloves. For, you see, "gloves" have got "love" inside them — there's none outside!

So all the little girls said, "Please thank Maggie,

and we send her 250 loves and 1000 kisses in return for her 250 kittens and her 1000 gloves!"

Your loving old Uncle,

C. L. D.

Love and kisses to Nellie and Emsie.

The following is called, "The Looking Glass Letter." Perhaps we shall enjoy it better if we read it backwards.

Nov. 1, 1891.

C. L. D., Uncle loving your! Instead grandson his to it give to had you that so, years 80 or 70 for it forgot you that was it pity a what and: him of fond so were you wonder don't I and, gentlemen old nice very a was he. For it made you that him been have must it see you so: grandfather my was, then alive was that, "Dodgson Uncle" only the. Born was I before long was that, see you, then But. "Dodgson Uncle for pretty thing some make I'll now," it began you when, yourself to said you that, me telling her without, knew I course of and: ago years many great a it made had you said she. Me told Isa what from was it? For meant was it who out made I how know you do! Lasted has it well how and. Grandfather my for made had you macassar-Anti pretty that me give to you of nice so was it, *Nellie dear my.*

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM